Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. I.—Vol. I. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, December 9, 1903 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Alice Hughes*

Lady Marjorie Greville,

Whose fiancé, Lord Helmsley, has, unfortunately, met with an accident in the hunting field

No. I.—Vol. I.

CONTENTS.

Wednesday, December 9, 1903

	PAGE
Frontispiece	1
The Bystander's Notes	3
Court and Society	4
"Parisiana," by J. F. Macdonald	8
"Paris Life," as depicted by A. Guillaume	9
"The Cricket on the Hearth"	10
"Cricket," Impressions by our Artist	11
"In the Wings"	12
"From a Club Window"	14
"The Topictator"	15
Matters Musical	16
FROM ABROAD—Floods in St. Petersburg	17
"At the Sign of the Times," by R. E. Vernede	20
The Millionaire's Tragedy	21
Automobile Topics	22
The World of Art—The Dainty Art of Charles Conder	25
Concerning Mr. Chamberlain	28
The Garden, by Archibald Marshall	30
"The Harbour of Refuge"	32
OUR SHORT STORY	
"The Handkerchief," by Harris Burland	33-36
Rambles with a Camera, by G. G. Desmond	37
Miss Clara Vidal	41
Miss Gaynor Rowlands	42
The Making of a Naval Officer	42
The Recreation Ground, by Allen Inglis	46
Bridge	48
BY FIELD, STREAM AND COVER	
Lord Zetland's Hunt	49
The Warwickshire Hunt	51
An American Trout Stream	53
Golf—Notes and Notions	54
The Fair Enthusiast	55
Woman's Pastimes	56
THE LIBRARY	
The Third Pack of the World	57
Three Books on Art	58
"High Life and Low"	59
Gossip about Books and their Makers	61
Woman's Fashions	65
Toilet and Menu	69
Old Furniture and New	71
Carved Jade Treasures	72-75
The Quorn Hunt—A Sketch	7
Sport	78
A Woman's Pocket Book	80
"Consul" at the Hippodrome	81

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of from 1,500 to 4,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to The Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: the Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

The BYSTANDER'S NOTES.

Wednesday, December 9, 1903

In the eyes of a busy world intent upon its own concerns, the birth of a new journal is a small matter: there are, indeed, so many periodicals of every shape and size, of every shade of opinion and subject, that it would seem hardly possible to produce to-day a journal which should be general in its interests and yet strike a fresh note. Such, however, is our ambition, but of this our readers will best judge for themselves. The main features of The Bystander will be Sport and Travel, on the one side, while Literature, Art—with which is included subjects of interest to the connoisseur and collector—and the Drama, will be thoroughly dealt with.

With its extremely convenient size and its large, clear type, it forms an ideal publication for railway reading, being much more compact than the usual weekly illustrated paper which at present finds vogue. Nothing, however, of the contents has been sacrificed to this end, for there are to be no less than eighty pages between the covers, a truly phenomenal amount. With this, it will be our endeavour to provide absolutely first-class quality, our object being that The Bystander shall not be glanced through and then thrown away, but *read* as well.

Yet one word more—and should our readers be impatient to dive into other pages, let them remember that an introduction to a first number is as inevitable as to-morrow.—The Bystander will, we trust, find a place in the affections of the great reading public. Well-informed and bright, critical, but not ungenerous, is the criterion we have set ourselves to attain. We shall observe, suggest, and comment upon many and diverse subjects from the point of view of a bystander, whom we may typify as an Englishman of refinement, a traveller, and, above all, a lover of his country.

The Editor.

Crisis in the Far East.

While Mr. Chamberlain continues to engage the nation's attention with his campaign for the placing of protective duties on foreign imports, we seem to be in grave danger of ignoring the events which are happening without our gates. The tension between Russia and Japan is becoming more and more critical. Procrastination—which in Russian diplomacy is an asset that the Tsar's advisers utilise to the full, well aware that every day gained to them is a loss to their opponents—has all but exhausted the patience of the Japanese people. The Mikado's Diet has reassembled, and unless Russia is willing to make some restitution for the illegal holding of Manchuria, before long our Ally in the East may be engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the Eastern Colossus.

War a Terrible Disaster

We trust that sane councils will prevail at Tokio; but, long-headed and far-seeing, the Japanese realise that they cannot afford to indulge further in a policy of *laissez-faire*. In Corea and in China they have immense vested interests; and as the world knows only too well, when Russia has possession of territory it is intended to profit herself alone. Business in the Far East is practically at a standstill, and bad as things are in Europe, it would be a terrible calamity were these two nations to be at one another's throats. Let us hope, however, for brighter news.

The Panama Question

In a somewhat different manner, but no less vital to British interests, are the events happening just now in the Isthmus of Panama. It has not been realised in England what a vast difference geographically—and, in consequence, commercially—the building of this forty-nine miles of canal will make. It will bring the large and growing ports on the western littoral of South America immeasurably nearer to New York (and adjacent ports) than at present. For instance, Valparaiso is now 8,461 miles distant from New York by sea, while the distance from Liverpool is 8,831 miles. The Panama Canal completed, Valparaiso will only be 4,630 miles from New York, while we shall lie distant 7,369 miles, a gigantic difference, while the shipper at New York will be able to despatch his cargo to Australia and New Zealand with a tremendous advantage over his Liverpool or Hamburg competitor. From Europe, *viâ* the Panama Canal to Australia, there will be no saving on the route *viâ* Suez, but on the other hand, Adelaide will be 2,000 miles, Melbourne 3,000 miles, and Sydney over 4,000 miles nearer to New York than at present.

A Serious Problem

The reason is a simple one. Maps are notoriously misleading documents, and few people have considered the enormous prominence in South America, which, geographically, is designated as Brazil. But it means that the ship from New York bound to the Pacific has, in order to reach the west, first of all to sail over 30 degrees to the east to avoid it. With the Panama Canal this 'hump' will no longer trouble the American. The problem that lies before us at Panama is a great and serious one, which needs to be looked fully into in the face of recent political events in that portion of the world.

COURT & SOCIETY

The Hon. Joseph Choate

The present United States Ambassador has all the proper marks of a United States Ambassador to this country; he is a great lawyer, a prince of after-dinner speakers, and a man of great personal charm. We have recognised his merits by conferring honorary degrees on him at our Universities, and asking him everywhere. The transference of his wit and humour to this side of the ocean must have left a great gap in his own country. He had a splendid career at the New York Bar, and he was one of a certain famous Committee of Citizens which broke up the corrupt domination of the city by Mr. Tweed, the greatest of all the bosses of Tammany—an institution which he will, unfortunately, find once more triumphant if he should be so unkind as to leave us within the next two years. It was he who, at a Thanksgiving dinner of Americans in London, discussed the merits of the American Eagle as a "dinner bird."

The Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, M.P.

The new Secretary for the Colonies, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, has certainly been a mighty cricketer, as well as many other strenuous things, in his day; but it is too bad of the modern Gulliver, in the *Monthly Magazine*, to describe the cabinet-maker in the University of Laputa as engaged in a project for "making a warming-pan for the Governor" out of "a disused pad such as boys have for keeping the wicket." For Mr. Lyttelton is a man of high abilities and a very earnest politician, who has won his way to leadership at the Bar and great consideration in the House, in spite of several

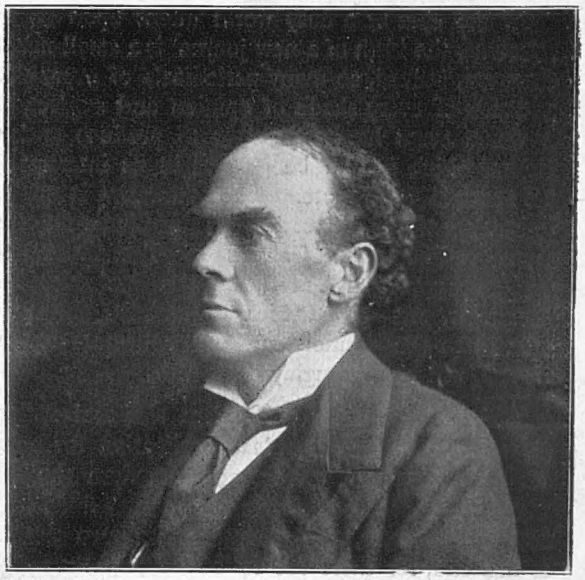


Photo by *H. Walter Barnett*

The Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, M.P.

Cambridge Blues, and an Imperial fame as wicket keeper, and thirteen years' championship of tennis. Few people, by the way, remember that it was Mr. Lyttelton who defended the late Warden of Merton College, Mr. George Brodrick, before the Parnell Commission Judges, who required to know why that outspoken old gentleman had compared certain Irish members, then on their trial, to the Whitechapel murderer.

Photo by *Beresford*

The Hon. Joseph Choate, the United States Ambassador

Lady Marjorie Greville

The date of the marriage of Lady Marjorie Greville to Lord Helmsley, Lord Feversham's heir, had not been settled definitely, so that Lord Helmsley's unfortunate accident the other day will not thoroughly upset arrangements—a broken collar-bone soon mends. When the ceremony takes place, it will be in charming surroundings, for it is to be at Warwick Castle. Lady Marjorie and the Countess of Warwick have already descended upon Paris and organised a wonderful *trousseau*. Lord Feversham's small place near Duncombe Park is to be made over to his young grandson on his marriage.

A Smart Wedding

The smartest of December weddings is that taking place to-day (December 9th), Miss Cooper-Key, Lady Tweeddale's pretty niece, being the bride, and Mr. Geoffrey B. Hall the bridegroom. Miss Muriel Cooper-Key is, through her mother,

Photo by *Langfier*

Miss Cooper-Key

Whose wedding takes place to-day

partly Italian, and some people think her very like her handsome Scottish aunt. Following her cousin, Lady Clementine Waring's example, Mr. Hall's bride has always taken a great interest in poor children, and she has been an active supporter of several of those societies which have for aim and object that of making young people kind to each other, and to their dumb friends. Mr. Hall is a keen soldier, and he did remarkably well in South Africa, where he first went out with the Yeomanry. His parents have a delightful house in Grosvenor Place, and have long been known as among the most hospitable of London hosts and hostesses.

An Irish Bride

Lady Mabel Annesley, the eldest daughter of the popular yachtsman Earl, has now been for several seasons one of the youthful beauties of the Viceregal Court. She is pretty, graceful, and witty, devoted to her father's favourite form of outdoor sport, for her own mother—she is a step-daughter of the present Lady Annesley—was a Miss Markham, a name justly famed in the yachting world. Lady Mabel's *fiancé* is Mr. Gerald Sowerby, a young naval officer. It is as yet uncertain whether the marriage will take place at Castlewellan, Lord Annesley's Irish home, or from Annesley Lodge, Regent's Park, the London house where Lady Annesley has often given delightful dances for her step-daughter.

An All-round Sportswoman

The Hon. Mrs. Baillie, of Dochfour, is a sportswoman of wide interests and many fields. She has had many hobbies in turn; and ridden all to victory. There was a time when she went in for cats with enthusiasm; but cats are exigeant animals, when they a pedigreed and beautiful; and their vogue is of the past. Then there came poultry, and Mrs. Baillie is a keen poultry fancier; she looks after her poultry-farm herself diligently, and holds Buff Orpingtons in special esteem. But chief among her interests are her kennels; and Mrs. Baillie holds a leading position as breeder and successful exhibitor of toy bulldogs. She first introduced toy bulldogs into England in 1898; was one of the first founders of the Toy Bulldog Club; her active energy it was that first extracted the honour of championships from the Kennel Club, and she has been the hon. secretary of the T.B.D.C. from its founding until this year. The prizes won by her toy bulldogs at all the leading shows are innumerable, and are the just reward of knowledge; but the list is too long to be quoted—it must be "taken as read." The Hon. Mrs. Baillie is the only child and heir of the first Baron Burton, and will be a peeress in her own right by the privilege, granted in 1897, of a special patent.

Lord Kerry

A great favourite with every one is the young Earl of Kerry, both in the Irish Guards and in Society, and his marriage in February with Miss Elsie Hope will be a big event. Though he served in South Africa with his regiment, he has taken his degree at Oxford. It is said that Lord Lansdowne's beautiful place, Derreen, in Kerry, will be made over to his son and heir for a country house. At present he lives at his father's house at Bowood Park, in Wiltshire.

Photo by *essano*

Lady Mabel Annesley

Photo by *Lafayette*

The Hon. Mrs. Baillie

Photo by *John Edwards*

The Earl of Kerry

Count Ward

An American millionaire of an unusual type is Count Ward; for he was born of an English family, lives in Piccadilly, and has a title. His decidedly European presence would never suggest to you that he first saw the light in Massachusetts (where they christened him Reginald) just over forty years ago, and was a clerk in a Boston bank at seventeen. It is getting on for twenty years since he started banks of his own in Boston and New York; and now, as the representative of Clark, Ward and Co. in England, he is among the money kings. The most genial of bachelors and munificent of hosts, he has two widely differing nicknames. That by which he is most known is "The Copper King," in reference to his large business enterprises and his huge interests in the Copper Market; the other is the delightful sobriquet of "The Count of Monte Cristo;" and in many ways this quiet, well-groomed American (his is a Papal title) recalls to quite a curious extent old Dumas' most famous hero. Count Ward occupies a unique position in English Society; he and his clever sister—now Mrs. Blackburne Tew—have been for some years leaders of the Anglo-American world, and at one time the Count was fond of giving wonderful banquets to his friends in the smart restaurants. Now that he has become owner of Fulwell Park, the

Photo by *Helen McCaul and Elizabeth Dickson*

Count Ward

splendid old place at Twickenham, which used to belong to that hospitable couple, Sir Thomas and Lady Freake, he entertains his friends in his own house, which he has made very beautiful as well as luxurious. Motoring is the amusement most in vogue at Fulwell Park, where Count Ward has five splendid automobiles in constant use. He tools himself up to the City every morning from Twickenham, and his favourite car can do the distance in record time.

The Duchess of Wellington

The latest engagement in what the French call *le hig-lif*, is that of Evelyn, Duchess of Wellington, to Colonel the Hon. Wellesley. The Duchess, as will be remembered, was the daughter of Colonel Thomas Peers Williams, of Temple House, Buckinghamshire and sister of the Marchioness of Ailesbury and Lady Buckley, also of General Owen Williams, formerly Commandant of the Blues, and of Hwfa Williams, of Kempton Park renown. The Duchess is the widow of Henry, third Duke of Wellington(called "Spurgeon" by his intimates, on account of his remarkable likeness to the late very celebrated preacher). Colonel Wellesley is greatly to be congratulated, for his bride is the most amiable of women, the kindest hostess, extremely refined and accomplished. Colonel Wellesley is the third son of Henry Richard, first Earl Cowley, K.G., for many years Ambassador at Paris, living at Chantilly, which is now the property of the French nation through the gift of the Duc d'Aumale. One of his sisters is Lady Feo Bertie, wife of the Ambassador at Rome; the other is Lady Hardwicke. The late Duke was Colonel Wellesley's cousin.

Photo by *Langfier*

The Latest Portrait of H.R.H. The Duke of Cambridge

Mr. Rider Haggard

Mr. Rider Haggard has lately returned to Ditchingham after a long visit to the quaint dwelling at Kessingland (near Lowestoft), for which he has a special fondness. The house is made out of a deserted coastguard station, and the novelist has turned it into a delightful "holiday home." Some of the rooms are only made of wood, and remind one of a ship's cabin; and as the house stands high, and very near the sea, one might almost fancy one was living in a ship. To carry out the idea further, Mr. Haggard has called each room after a great naval commander; Nelson and Anson are amongst the names which are painted above the doors. Mr. Haggard loves to write in these romantic surroundings, and some of his best work has been done in this quiet retreat. Mr. Haggard has an immense fondness for orchids, and they are gradually crowding out all the other flowers of the many greenhouses at Ditchingham Hall. He has some very rare specimens, many of which he has brought home with him from South Africa. One of his arguments in favour of the cultivation of orchids is that you can have them all the year round: "If you cultivate orchids," he says, "you can have a beautiful flower every day." He thinks nothing of the ordinary specimens; when he is taking a visitor over his hothouses it is a curious sight to see him stride through one greenhouse after the other (all abloom with beautiful flowers), and say, "There is nothing here—there is nothing here!" But at last he will stop before some peculiarly rare specimen, on the beauties of which he will dilate, and which one is permitted to admire.

PARISIANA:

"I was in winter quarters, my dear Lutetia; thus do they call in Gaul the little capital of the Parisians."—*Julian.*

Search for The White Blackbird

Furs and furs—indeed, so many handsome furs, that had I the genius for describing fashions, I might pay homage to this set of sables, and go into raptures over that cape of ermine, and passionately hold forth on mink, silver-fox, chinchilla, and brown bear. However, no fashions in this column. Let me merely state that this display of fur is due to the coldness of the afternoon; one of those fine cold afternoons that brings the Parisienne out of doors to shop or view the shops, to sip tea afterwards in some frail "five-o'clock," where, on exquisitely chased plate, lie incongruously, lie bashfully, such homely, vulgar objects as *le muffin*, *le crumpet*, and *le bun*. Captivating as ever, the Parisienne. Animated as always, the Parisian. And then, the charming *modiste* hurrying with her *carton*; cabmen exchanging fearful threats and oaths; three students strayed unaccountably from the Latin Quarter in sombreros, flowing ties, and corduroys; the Algerian deputy who loves to walk abroad in his turban and flowing robes: light, movement, colour, hundreds of people and hundreds of vehicles in the Rue de la Paix this fine cold afternoon.

Suddenly, a meeting. Exclaims a portly yet sprightly and vivacious little Parisian, "*Mon cher*, enchanted to see you. Also, you are in luck: come immediately with me to the Luxembourg Gardens." He is plainly excited; he is also in a hurry, for he vows there is not a moment to be lost. However, my Parisian is a firm believer in what he calls *le footing*. A long way off, the Luxembourg Gardens—but we nevertheless engage in *le footing*. Says the Parisian, "My wife and children all do the footing." And then, "Let us press ourselves." Why the Luxembourg? What is happening there? Evidently something amazing; else why all this smart, swift "footing"? At last, the secret, the revelation. The news is prodigious, the news is overwhelming. Breathlessly, excitedly, with veritable emotion, my Parisian announces that a White Blackbird has come into the Luxembourg Gardens.

"It is extraordinary—it is unheard of—above all, it is *bizarre*." Faster still our "footing" when the gates of the garden come in view. "*Pensez, donc, mon cher—un merle blanc!*" At the very first tree we pause, and my Parisian, pushing back his hat and throwing back his head, looks upwards. But no White Blackbird. And so we advance, head in air. And as we advance, always head in the air, I notice here and there other Parisians with *their* heads in the air; and keepers, with their heads in the air; and superannuated sages (in spectacles) from the Senate opposite, with their heads in the air, so that everyone seems to be strangely studying the skies, yet in reality is looking, looking for the White Blackbird. One peers up into the trees. One closely inspects the bushes. One visits the empty bandstand. One scans the horizon. One seeks and one seeks. But no White Blackbird.

Now are there scores of heads in the air.

All over the Luxembourg Gardens do we go, and at last my Parisian and I find ourselves alone in a corner. And all of a sudden my Parisian pinches my arm, pinches it sharply; whispers "Hush" and "Over there." And there—yes, there—hopping about beneath a tree is the White Blackbird, attended by two plain, ordinary blackbirds, who wait upon his Royal Highness with the respectful devotion and solicitude of the equerry. And my Parisian is all eyes; my Parisian stares and stares at the White Blackbird; but the equerries perceive us, inform his Royal Highness of our vulgar presence, and all three fly away. A deep sigh from my Parisian. Then, drawing me away, he vows that the spectacle has been "touching—exquisite—sublime." What luck, *mon Dieu*, what joy! Only he and I have beheld the White Blackbird: a veritable White Blackbird attended by two equerries. Then, suddenly, and with infinite amusement—

"Look!"

Before us, to the right and to the left, scores of heads still vainly in the air.

Nothing wonderful about this excitement, this emotion. Such exhibitions are eminently characteristic of the Parisian, who loves birds, flowers, children, sunsets—everything that makes life blithe and beautiful. In a hundred homes the White Blackbird is the topic of the hour. The dearest ambition of the frail old gentleman who has at last persuaded the sparrows of the Luxembourg to peck crumbs from off his hand is that the White Blackbird should also take his crumbs. Patiently and hopefully does the frail old gentleman wait and wait for the White Blackbird—but no doubt the equerries have determined that his Royal Highness cannot possibly accept the meal. As for the keepers of the gardens, they are pestered with anxious questions as to the movements and habits of the *merle blanc*. Somebody sets a trap. The trap is destroyed, and that someone is called the unpleasantest names. It is stated that a Senator is the culprit: yes, one of the spectacled, superannuated sages, one of the "upper" legislators of France. He would have something to cheer him and marvel at in his old age—so, designs on the White Blackbird. At all events the culprit is severely censured by the Press; but the writer of the eloquent article, "*Son Altesse Royal, le Merle Blanc*," finds consolation in the logical conclusion that there was no reason why the White Blackbird more than any other bird should have walked into that trap. Also, adds the writer, his Royal Highness is watched, is protected. Never is the White Blackbird seen abroad without two devoted equerries.

Another afternoon, but an odious afternoon—rain and wind in the Luxembourg Gardens. Nevertheless, scores of heads still strangely in the air.

John F. Macdonald.

PARIS WEEK BY WEEK

As depicted by our Special Artist

1. Sequel to the remarks made by M. Chirac on the authorship of "Françillon."—A condemned man informs the astounded Judge that he is the real author of "La Dame aux Camélias."

2. *L'Entente Cordiale:* Suggestion for an Anglo-French Christmas Tree—appropriate for both sides of the Channel.

3. "Humberts for ever!" A certain celebrity, hearing that among the Humbert papers was one that compromised him, is greatly relieved to find that it shows him on the right side of a tennis court! [*N.B.—Observe the French idea of "le lawn tennis."*]

Garrick Theatre

"THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH"

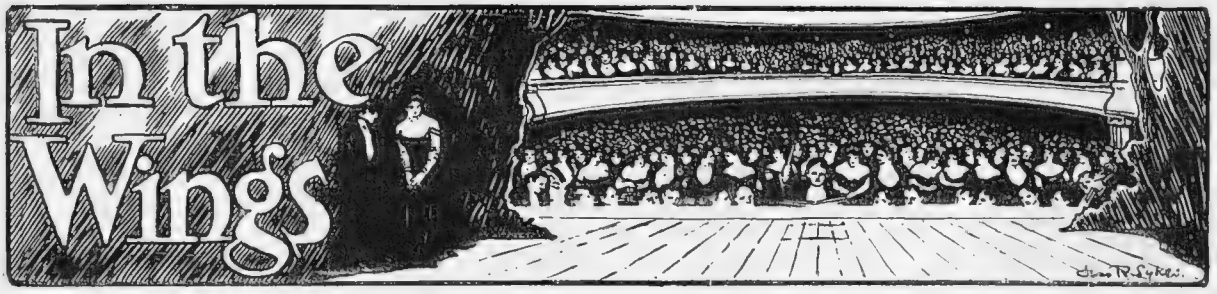
WHAT is the reason that the stories of Charles Dickens—himself a most admirable amateur actor, a most moving reciter, and a writer whose work, alike in luxuriance of eccentric character, in effective incident, and in spontaneous humanity, can most justly be called dramatic—have scarcely ever proved more than commonplace when they have been adapted to the theatre? The genius of the man seems to disappear, the vivid reality of his characters seems to evaporate, the sympathetic directness of his emotion and affectionate geniality seem to become lost, and we have little more than the husk of his work—that part of it which was least admirable in over-sentimentality and caricature. The fact is, perhaps, that Dickens, with all his many dramatic qualities, lacked that essential quality which makes convincing drama—the quality of impartiality. His characters are delightful because they are seen by Dickens through Dickens's genial glasses, and from Dickens's whimsically human point of view, rather than because they impress themselves upon the imagination without a consciousness of the author. The result is that when we see them on the stage they appear deliberately conceived, unreal, and no longer spontaneous. We want Dickens to talk about them rather than to hear them talk about themselves. These reflections are suggested by Mr. Bourchier's in many ways pretty revival of Boucicault's version of *The Cricket on the Hearth*. Mr. J. L. Toole's success of pathos years ago in the part of the old toymaker, Caleb Plummer, a success which was recalled by the telegram of good wishes from the veteran which was read to the audience at the close of the performance, doubtless inspired Mr. Bourchier with the wish to take the character. He plays it with admirable delicacy of feeling and most praiseworthy restraint alike in the picture of senility and in the touches of comedy. So far the revival is certainly well justified. It also affords an opportunity for Mr. J. H. Barnes—just the right man in the right place—to give a very excellent performance as the bluff and generous John Peerybingle. But beyond this there is not very much that one can find to praise in the production. If it is considered on its merits as a human story—the story of Peerybingle's jealousy and his conquest of it, of the blind Bertha's love for the fancy picture which her father has painted for her of the unpleasing Tackleton, and of the constancy rewarded of Edward Plummer and May Fielding—the whole thing is a little unconvincing and a little thin. Mr. Bourchier, indeed, appears to have had some want of confidence himself in the direct appeal of the story, for he has adorned his revival of it with a fairy spectacular element which found no place in the early production of the piece. This fairy spectacular element is very prettily done; it affords the opportunity for some charming dancing by Miss Madge Titheradge, for some pretty music by Mr. Edmund Rickett, and for a generally engaging atmosphere of back-drawing-room-Christmas-partydom. All this side of the entertainment will doubtless appeal to the children; but, then, will the children take a very deep and sympathetic interest in the jealousy of John Peerybingle and his suspicions of the fidelity of Dot?

The whole thing, as a matter of fact, falls rather between two stools; and, of the two, undoubtedly the most attractive is that of the fairy element. One would be inclined to advise Mr. Bourchier, in fact, to kick away the other altogether, and to plant the production even more firmly upon the one which least directly represents Dickens. For the first act, composed mostly of fairies, was charming. That part of the last act which was fairies was charming, too. Even the romps at the traditional Dickens Christmas party, although they were perhaps a little unduly protracted, were quite cheerful and entertaining. It was the serious interest which was a little tedious.

However, the whole thing is charmingly done, and Dickens will always be a name to conjure with—especially at Christmas time; and even though we don't quite get the real Dickens, we get something of the charm of his spirit, which means that we get something essentially and delightfully English. This is the real charm of the Dickens atmosphere. It may be sometimes a little over-sentimentalised, a little aggressively cheery. But it means England, the homeliness of England, the affectionate sympathy of English people for English people, more than anything in literature. And, therefore, even if there is only a little of it in *The Cricket on the Hearth*, as given at the Garrick Theatre, it is worth having. The acting is, on the whole, excellent. I have already mentioned Mr. Bourchier and Mr. Barnes. Miss Violet Vanbrugh plays Bertha, and although she is rather commanding in stature for the part, she gives a sympathetic and tender performance. Miss Jessie Bateman, with a rather intermittent dialect, is full of life and gaiety as Dot; and Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw is sufficiently unprepossessing as Tackleton. P. C.

At the Comedy, on the 19th, we are to see a piece by Mr. Mostyn Pigott, whose graceful light verse in the columns of the *World*, and whose trenchant and nimble wit in the small hours of the Savage Club, suggest that we have here a very promising recruit to the not very numerous army of writers for the theatre who can lay claim to brains and literary skill. The season at the Comedy is to be under the joint direction of two ladies—Miss Beryl Faber and Mrs. Maesmore Morris. Miss Faber (whose husband, Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, is a colleague of Mr. Pigott's on the staff of the *World*) is a very promising actress, who has had to wait too long for her real opportunity. One can remember individual performances of hers, such as that in *The Good Hope*, at the Stage Society, which showed quite remarkable ability.

Impressions from "The Cricket on the Hearth," at the Garrick Theatre



Mr. Arthur Bourchier, who plays very charmingly the part of the old toy maker, Caleb Plummer, in *The Cricket on the Hearth*, began his theatrical career before he left the University, for he was a member of the old Philothespians' Club, which after the official sanction of the then Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Jowett, was formed into the more dignified Oxford University Dramatic Society, which has proved to be the nursery of some of the most promising of our younger actors. Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Holman Clark, and Mr. James Hearn began their dramatic education in the club, while, of course, Mr. F. R. Benson, although never a member of the O.U.D.S., is an Oxford man and took part in the first of the modern representations of Greek plays in England, *Agamemnon*, in the hall of Balliol College, which was given under the direct auspices of Dr. Jowett and in which Mr. W. L. Courtney, tutor of New College, and since dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph* and editor of *The Fortnightly Review*, also took part. Mr. Bourchier, also, although his achievements in the Schools were not considerable, acquired sufficient Greek to take part in a similar performance, and is said to have been a weird figure as Death in the *Alcestes* of Euripides. He has amusing tales to tell of the times before the Oxford theatre was built, when the only place of entertainment in the town was the Victoria Music Hall—known as the "Vic." Ask him to tell you the story of what happened to the man who was told by the audience not to appear again in the next act in those trousers.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh comes from the west country. Her father was a prebendary of Exeter Cathedral. She and her sister, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, both served their theatrical apprenticeship under the banner of Mr. J. L. Toole, after a preliminary training by Miss Sarah Thorne at Margate. She acted the part of Anne Boleyn in Sir Henry Irving's revival of *Henry VIII.*, and that of Olivia to Miss Ada Rehan's Viola. Since then she has almost exclusively appeared under the management of her husband, Mr. Arthur Bourchier. Of her more recent performances, the admirable interpretation of the character of the chief part in Mr. H. V. Esmond's play, *My Lady Virtue*, was perhaps the most notable.

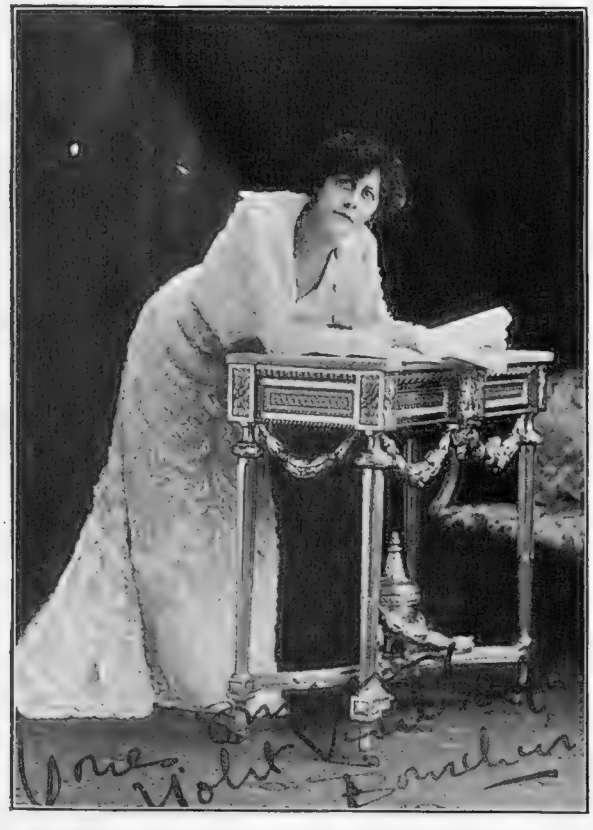


Photo by *Alfred Ellis and Walery*
Miss Violet Vanbrugh

Photo by *Alfred Ellis and Walery*
Mr. Arthur Bourchier

Photo by *Hana*

Herr Max Behrend

Who has been chosen by Mr. George Alexander to produce two plays at the St. James's Theatre

Our London actors, who have lost the tradition of versatility, and also the habit of hard work which accompanies the repertory system, have plenty to learn from the admirable German company which has played here for several seasons and is now to be found at the Royalty Theatre. The existence of this company is, of course, largely due to the enthusiastic support which has been given to it by the German colony in London, but it could scarcely have continued had it not been for the enthusiasm which has been shown by its two managers, and especially by Herr Max Behrend. Herr Behrend is a stage manager of the very first class, and it is no little tribute to his remarkable ability and to the enthusiasm which he can inspire that he has been chosen by Mr. George Alexander to produce two plays at the St. James's Theatre (*Old Heidelberg*, and also a new play which has not yet been seen in London), and also that he has twice directed the productions of the Stage Society, although he would be the first to admit that his knowledge of the English language was quite elementary.

At this time of year the London theatrical season—at least as regards new productions, is usually rather at a standstill. The plays which have been produced in September and the beginning of October for the autumn season are still enjoying either a prosperous career, or else have already disappeared and have been replaced by others. For managers have hitherto been rather shy of bringing out new productions in December unless they are in the nature of Christmas entertainments, and these are generally not produced until rather late in the month. But this year the autumn season has been rather abnormal. Theatrical business, which is reported, by the way, in America to be less healthy than for some seasons past, is said, on the other hand, in London to be more flourishing than it has been for a long time. It is, perhaps, for this reason that one or two of the autumn productions, which in an ordinary year would have been withdrawn almost at once from the bill, have managed to hold their own until now. It is also, perhaps, for this reason that several managers are defying precedent by producing new pieces not of an essentially Christmas character in the month of December; and it is, perhaps, for this reason, again, that the Christmas productions themselves are anticipating the season by even more weeks than usual.

We have, for example, the Comedy, the Adelphi, His Majesty's, the Apollo, the St. James's, and possibly the New Theatre, preparing new programmes. At His Majesty's the American-made Japanese drama, *The Darling of the Gods*, is announced for December 28th, and its elaborate effects of dawn and sunset and midnight and every kind of light, and its scenes of flowers and clouds and mountains are being rehearsed with the secrecy to which a Cabinet Council affords the only comparison. One hears rumours, however, of Japanese luncheon parties, with Mr. Tree and his company sitting on the floor and learning to eat birds' nests with chopsticks. And there is every indication that the production will entitle the daily papers to announce that Mr. Tree has once more surpassed himself in splendour and beauty and artistic excellence!" Quiz.

Photo by *Johnston and Hoffman*

Miss Empsie Bowman

Who makes a delightful "Cricket" in *The Cricket on the Hearth*, at The Garrick Theatre

Ingenuity is not the asset it might be. Too often this precious gift is diverted into the wrong channels. Instead of making money roll in where it never rolled before, there are some men who devote their energies to making the most ingenious charges against the Fates. Of such a temperament is an unknown correspondent to the *Referee*, who feeds upon woe by drawing a pathetic contrast between human beings under the stress of hard times and a speechless biped who is making £200 a week at the Hippodrome. Shades of Darwin! His theory has been flouted by those who are pained at the picture of their progenitor swinging from trees; but surely this lamenting correspondent is the first to wish that he could start evoluting in the opposite direction.

Firmly, but regretfully, I beg to announce to this woe-begone citizen that I must withhold from him the shining light of my sympathy. He is the sort of man who, if his wish were granted and he became an ape, would be an entirely unsuccessful ape. Nothing would prosper with this Jonah of an ape. If he attempted the difficult aerial flight which Rudyard Kipling calls a "flung festoon" he would most assuredly miss connection with a "branchy row" and fall on his face. If he trod the boards he would never perform any trick which would be worth the price of admission. Finally, if he took up municipal work he would lose the confidence of his constituents before he gained it, and would assuredly never rise to the dignity of a Consul.

Despite the rolling periods in which scientists rave upon its properties, it is difficult for a layman to enthuse upon radium. It is pleasant to read that the new mineral, or whatever it is, is worth so many millions per gramme, but a view of the stuff is fraught with disappointment.

All that glitters may not be gold, but there is no denying the value of a show in this world. Especially is this aphorism true of wedding presents. Now we read that radium figured among the presents at a recent fashionable wedding. It is impossible to withstand the notion that for once the despised, unoriginal silver sugar-tongs got a lot of their own back and made quite a brave show against the precious radium. But the new mineral has undoubtedly come to stay now that we learn that "the wedding presents were numerous and costly, not the least valuable being a magnificent speck of radium." CLUBBITE.

Form Mr. S. S. Christy, the Amateur Billiard Champion *a Photo*

The Topictator

LORD ROSEBERY (LOQUITUR)
"GO AWAY! YOU BORE ME!"
["LORD ROSEBERY SAID HE WAS BEGINNING TO FEAR THAT THE FISCAL QUESTION WAS BECOMING A BORE"]

"SHOO!"
[THE CITY FATHERS ARE THINKING OF SUPPRESSING THE CITY PIGEONS]

OTTO MADDEN ON POINTS BEATS WILLIE LANE FOR THE "PREMIER JOCKEY STAKES"
F.G.

MR JUSTICE GRANTHAM DENIES MR BUNG

MATTERS MUSICAL

Germany's Great Composer

RICHARD STRAUSS, the leader of modern realism in music, and Germany's greatest living composer, is in England again. To-night there will be a recital of his songs, the singer being Frau Pauline Strauss de Ahna, and on Friday he will conduct the Berlioz Centenary Concert at Queen's Hall. Strauss is a man who, despite the fierce criticism of his music, compels attention as a composer. You never know what he will say next; and although he has already astonished the musical world with what he has hitherto said, it should be remembered that he is scarcely forty years old, so that in all probability he may astonish us still more in his maturer artistic life. As a man Strauss has a delightful personality. Unaffectedly modest, he has an almost boyish enthusiasm for his work, which is produced under curious conditions. For, unlike most composers, he does not want to shut himself up. His best work is done whilst he is surrounded by friends. There will be a room full of people chatting, the composer among them. But in a minute he will go in a corner, out comes his note-book, and his thoughts will run over its pages in musical notation. In trains, in restaurants, anywhere, in fact, the note-book will come out and work proceed. And he hardly ever alters a note, or tries anything over. Often a public performance of a new work is almost the first time Strauss actually hears his creation. The composer's favourite recreation is scientific card-playing, in which occupation he will spend hours and hours. There is an amusing story *àpropos* of the recent Strauss Festival in June last at St. James's Hall. A lady attending one of the concerts sent an attendant with a note round to the composer, who was conducting one of his great tone-poems, asking him that if he be allowed an encore, would he give one of his charming waltzes!

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Richard Strauss, the Great German Composer

Richter's Wagner Concert

"A WAGNER evening," conductor, Dr. Richter. It is a sort of personally conducted tour, for what Hans Richter does not know about Wagner's scores is not worth knowing. As he stands at the conductor's desk (no score in front of him) one can almost imagine his saying, "Listen to this passage; how I remember copying this out for Wagner." That, indeed, is one of the secrets of Richter's strength in Wagner—he saw the music "made." But to come to the details of the concert—proceedings opened with the *Flying Dutchman* overture, the playing in which was splendidly precise and clean cut. Then Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies sang "Wahn, Wahn" from the *Meistersinger*, and then, after the *Faust* overture, came the "Siegfried Idyll." To hear Richter playing the "Idyll" is irresistibly to recall the story of that sojourn of Wagner's at Triebschen, on Lake Geneva, in 1870, when his son Siegfried and the "Idyll" were born at the same time. And there is the story, too, of Richter going to the island in the lake and practising the horn parts in this work, and of the Oxford don who heard him at it. But there is no time to tell more of this. All the gossamer-like web of orchestration was superbly brought out by Richter on this occasion, and every shade of thought, however delicate, could be followed. The "Siegfried Idyll" is surely one of those supremely beautiful works which a hundred years from now will sound as fresh as on the day it was written. For the rest of the concert, there was Wotan's "Abschied," and the closing scene from the *Götterdämmerung* finely sung by Miss Marie Brema.

A Borodin Symphony

THE B minor symphony of Alexander Borodin, musician and professor of chemistry, which was played by Mr. Henry J. Wood at the recent symphony concert, recalled to me once more the curious connection that seems to exist between music and science, two things popularly supposed to stand poles asunder. As a matter of fact, men of science seem to be much more musically inclined than, say, men of letters, and this theory is exemplified in the modern Russian school of composers, who nearly all carried on avocations distinct from their music. Rimsky-Korsakoff was an engineer, Borodin a chemist. Balakisev a science student, and Casar Cui is a general, and has written books on the science of war.

H. J. C.

FROM ABROAD.

Floods in Russia

FLOODS of quite unusual dimensions have occurred in St. Petersburg, due, in the main, to the strong westerly wind, which, blowing up the Gulf of Finland, causes the level of the Neva river to rise by many feet. If this wind from the sea is in any way exceptional the poorer parts of the city invariably become inundated. Upon this occasion the rise in the level of the Neva has been more than ten feet, the effect of which has been to place the whole city practically under water. Floods of such exceptional severity are happily rare, although the annual flooding of the outskirts of their capital is a sufficient disadvantage to the inhabitants of the capital. The Neva is a magnificent stream, broad and stately, with a high velocity. Within the city the Neva possesses a breadth between four hundred and seven hundred yards, while it carries every second a little less than two million cubic feet of water. It is shallow at the mouth, but within the city, alongside of its granite quays, large ships can find a comfortable berth.

The White City

ST. PETERSBURG as a city is delightful. The principal part of the capital lies on the mainland on the left bank of the river. A beautiful quay, embellished with a long series of palaces, stretches for some two miles, from the timber-yards on the east to the New Admiralty in the west. This part of the Russian capital has for its centre the Old Admiralty, from which, among other thoroughfares of importance, emanates the Nevski Prospect, perhaps one of the finest streets of the world. In architectural finish this street is somewhat deficient, but its immense width, its extreme length, the fascination of its animated crowds, and the constant stream of its vehicles—which dash over its wooden pavement at all hours and without cessation—render it supremely attractive. In length the Nevski Prospect is over three thousand yards long, with a width of one hundred and twenty feet, as it runs past the Old Admiralty to the Moscow Railway Station. Thence onwards, towards the south, it extends another sixteen hundred yards until it reaches the Neva, near the Smolyni Convent. About midway in its first part stands the Kazan Cathedral, from where the Anitchkoff Palace is only a little distance.

Among the Snows

THE first appearance of snow, always a sign of the approach of winter, came last week, when for a few moments it seemed as though we were within the embrace of a cold snap. However, if

From a *Photo*

St. Petersburg Under Water

From a Photo

Flooded St. Petersburg—A Flooded Street

winter is still delayed in England, on the Continent they are already feeling the effects of its arrival. Particularly is this the case in those resorts on the higher levels in Europe, where it is stated that the snow has already fallen heavily. In the Balkan ranges there has been snow for some weeks, while information received from Switzerland describes the winter season at Grindelwald and Davoz as already in full swing. Indeed, at Grindelwald the English colony there has begun those recreations that distinguish life at a winter resort. Skating, tobogganing and ice carnivals are in course of preparation, and there is already ground for the conviction that the skating season is going to be singularly brilliant and enjoyable. Many charming Americans have already arrived at Grindelwald, and these, together with the British colony, are taking seriously in hand the attractions for winter. There is, perhaps, little doubt that the gaieties of Grindelwald will lead the way this season among those resorts whose peculiar position makes them so attractive to those unfortunate people compelled to winter out in England.

The Land of the Pharaohs

THE exodus of smart people to Egypt has begun somewhat early this year. Society having endured a damp summer, is determined, apparently, to comfort itself with the pleasures and delights of Cairo for the winter months. No one will be found who will quarrel with such a

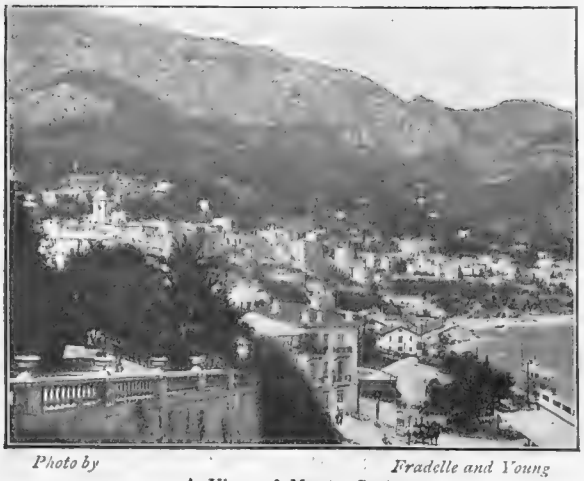


Photo by Fradelle and Young

A View of Monte Carlo

Photo by Fradelle and Young

The Casino at Monte Carlo

From a Photo

Ascending Vesuvius by Electric Car

resolution, Egypt at this season of the year being a resort *par excellence*. So those who do not know the world east of Scilly, the atmosphere and local colour of the desert is a source of never-ending enjoyment. The houseboats on the Nile, the pilgrimages to the pyramids, the vivid dignity of the street-life bring consolation to the dainty butterflies of Mayfair, as, also, to the weary and the brain-fagged. In spite of the introduction of certain phases of Western civilisation, Egypt is by no means hackneyed. The change is stimulating, and there is a buoyancy in the passing of the hours which makes their speeding quite unnoticed.

Cairo

Moreover, it is possible to live in Egypt with economy. It may, perhaps, be enjoyable to consider mere pence in an ascent of "them monuments," but if one is reduced to such a pitch it is better to stay away altogether than to "do" Egypt on the cheap, and to be compelled to listen—as was once my plight, when taking a scramble across the face of the Gîzeh, a "silent, shrouded witness of night"—to the following dialogue :—

"These, madame, are the monuments of the country."

"Them monuments? Effigies, I call 'em!"

To me Egypt realises the saying of the old Arab writer: "He who hath not seen Cairo hath not seen the world; its soil is gold; its Nile is a wonder; its women are like the black-eyed virgins of Paradise; its houses are palaces, and its air is soft—its odour surpassing that of aloes wood and cheering the heart; and how can Cairo be otherwise when it is the mother of the world!"

Monuments! Effigies!! Oh—Mr. Thomas Cook!!!

The Board of Green

Equally with Egypt in the oppositeness of its season is Monte Carlo. For many different reasons the hotel-keepers on the Riviera expect the coming season to establish a record. In the first place, the gloom and depression of the summer which the residents of Northern climes have just experienced, has determined—at least that section of them who can afford it—to endeavour to catch a fleeting glimpse of the sun. For those, moreover, who take a keen interest in various sports, such as golf and tennis, the Riviera resorts offer a splendid field. The stay-at-home Englishman is possessed with the notion that once he leaves these shores for the Continent he says good-bye to all forms of sport. As a matter of fact, these sports flourish under the more genial skies which favour our Continental neighbours. Among the various colonies of English people dotted about Europe are to be found most of the games which obtain in the Old Country. There are quite a number of really first-class tennis players who keep up their form by playing all the year round. Directly the chills of October have descended upon their own land, they make for the Riviera, to find their favourite game in full swing.

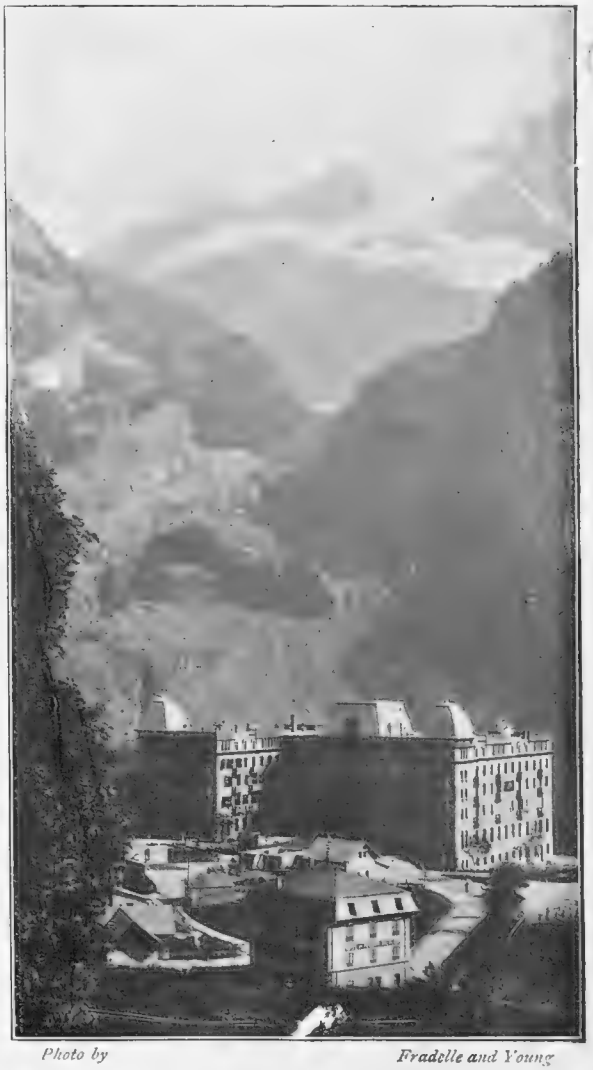


Photo by Fradelle and Young

The Bear Hotel at Grindelwald

One of the most delightful winter resorts for skaters and ski enthusiasts

"At the Sign of the Times"

By R. E. Vernède

A Story from the French

"Always the dog ran." Out of my countless readings of journals during a recent stay in France, this one sentence—"Always the dog ran," remains in my mind most vividly and permanently. The sentence occurred in an article—in some local paper—describing the immediate career of a dog, which was supposed to be mad, through the streets of a small provincial town. Nothing in the account went to show where the dog started from or how it ended; and no proof was offered of its madness. Apparently, the creature harmed nobody and nobody harmed it. What happened simply was that the dog ran always.

About a Mad Dog

Every fresh paragraph opened with this statement—always the dog ran. An old lady returning from the market with her purchase of fish encountered the dog, screamed loudly, and dropped the fish upon the pavement. As she stooped to pick up her precious belongings, more concerned lest the dog should take a bite out of them than out of herself, the dog ran on. A gendarme, spying the state of affairs from a side street, and conscious that the honour of France rested for the moment in his right hand, rushed at the dog with drawn sword, struck at it, and missed. The dog ran on. As it entered the public gardens, which were gay with tiger-lilies and other effective flowers, two small children faring to school and eating their lunch *en route*, tried to entice it into playing with them by the offer of a piece of cake—to the agony of those who watched from a safe distance. . . The dog ran on. I cannot in the least reproduce the charm of this narration wherein the dog continued running to the bottom of the column, beyond which, presumably, the Editor would not suffer it to run. Nor could I see precisely in what the charm of this way of giving a piece of news consisted until I happened to compare it with another mad dog story from the States.

Is Compared with an American Story

The American report was as follows:—

12.30 noon. A spotted Dalmatian, belonging to Senator P. Mooney, got mad and started off down 44th Street, snapping all around. Martha Hincks, typewriter, aged 44, was bitten in the left leg, as were two Italians belonging to Sankey's Road-works' gang. The Italian Consul is making representations with a view to obtaining an indemnity.

12.41. The five children who got snapped by the rabid poodle in 59th Street have since developed symptoms of hydrophobia. A petition to President Roosevelt asking for a permanent muzzling order is being signed by all our leading citizens, and meantime Miss Riney, the Petrol Heiress, has had her poodle destroyed. "I loved Sambo," said Miss Riney to our representative, "like a child. But I guess my first duty is to the American flag."

12.52. Major Hezekiah Pigg denies that his pedigree retriever "Black King" was the dog that got mad in Broadway and bit five Irish Fenians. Interviewed by our Special Correspondent, the Major allowed the dog would have been mad if he had done so.

1.0. The dog reported to have run amuck down town this morning was a pug. Judge Humfrey sniped it through his pocket before it could fang anybody. A testimonial is being got up for the Judge.

1.15. A *post-mortem* on the fox-terrier shot by Secret Service Officer Harredence in 62nd Street this morning indicates no sign of rabies present in the animal. The news reached Wall Street in time to avert a panic.

With the result that (after some manœuvring)

Though it is never an easy thing to do, I may, unconsciously, have exaggerated the American report. I read it more than a week ago, and the facts seem dubious. But there—precisely there—is the difference between it and the French version of an identical episode. The American is all for the facts, the breed of dog, the time it started, the streets it traversed, the people it bit; and, as a result, I have forgotten them. If there were no facts, there would be no forgetfulness, no contradiction, no falsification. The French writer seems to have realised this. As soon as he has got his dog running (and he does not appear to have cared if it was a King Charles or a mastiff), he disregards it entirely—except to remark that it ran always. He prefers to draw pictures of economy, heroism, and innocence from life in a small provincial town. The mad and running dog is only the background for the artist.

A Moral is Extracted

Here, then, is a chance of extracting a moral. I hesitate to do so for several reasons, one being because a pause at this point is a piece of literary craft, another because moral-drawing has become as unpopular as the making of filagree-baskets, another because I shall probably draw the wrong one. But away with hesitation! The Moral is obvious (this, by the way, was a fourth reason *con.*): it is that, inasmuch as Mad Dogs are, more or less, always running, we make a mistake if we insist too much upon the facts of their career. It is hard to realise that the Mad Dog is less interesting in himself than in the pictures he enables us to draw of the life he sets in commotion, yet an application may convince us.

Applied to Modern Times

Let Mr. Chamberlain be the Mad Dog—at the same time reflect that the Dog may not be mad after all — and let him run always, as he appears to be very willing to do. Then it becomes the duty of writers to remember that they can make him and—by a process of inclusion—Tariff Reform interesting only if they will spare us as many of the thousand and one facts as possible. These facts, as we know, are bound to be unrememberable, contradictory, and full of falseness, just as Free Trade facts are bound to be. Also, as politicians know in their hearts, they are not and cannot be grasped with intelligence by more than about twenty-five men in the Empire.

And Impressed upon The "Morning Post"

For this reason alone I would appeal to the *Morning Post*, a journal I respect in many ways and subscribe to in a pecuniary sense, not to encourage further a scheme suggested in its leader column a few days ago. The scheme was this: Tariff Reformers were to send earnest and educated men about the country with instructions to drop into village inns and set before such farm-labourers as they should find assembled the facts concerning Tariff Reform. What a scene would be there!

An Inn. Several countrymen drinking beer from pewters. Enter R., a Tariff Reformer.

Tariff Reformer (earnestly): "My brother Imperialists, the name of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain may not be unfamiliar to——" [Recoils as he catches sight of an emissary from the Free Food League, who enters L.]

Free-Fooder (educatedly): "Comrades in Empire, the Duke of Devonshire, as you are all aware" . . . [Catches sight of Tariff Reformer and recoils.]

Inn-keeper (free-and-easily): "What was you pleased to be drinkin', gen'elmen?"

Of course they would have to drink sparingly, lest their earnestness and education should forsake them; and, doubtless, they would make an impression. The farmers round would be warned by their men to see that their fowls were locked up safely, on the ground that "some curious chaps be gwoan round, spyen what they can haändel." And the village constable would need a drink himself before he could see that it was only a case of setting forth the facts.

Then all Ends Happily

Stubborn things, these facts are—and dull at that. . . . Am I then to be charged with advocating Indifferentism—that vice of modern life, mark of decadence and sign-manual of disintegration? I trust not. I have no intention of advocating anything in particular. If I were asked, I should say that too many advocates were the surest mark of decadence, and I would not add to them. I only wish to point out that the Dog—in one shape or another—runs always, and that, nevertheless, or perhaps for that very reason, we are indifferent—and even impervious to the facts about him. But to descriptions of life, if we could but get them, we are not indifferent.

THE MILLIONAIRE'S TRAGEDY

An American Ballad

Oh, fly with me! My motor waits
Profusely panting at your gates.
The Luncheon Trust has stocked the car
With ortolans and caviare.
My *chauffeur* is an English peer,
Adept to drive, and mend the gear
If aught should buckle, break, or bust.
I hire him of the Motor Trust.

Fast, fast along we fly!—But stay!
A bulky bullock blocks the way.
Upon his ribs who runs may read,
"EXOX IS WHAT THE NATIONS NEED."
If you but knew how much was paid
To have that sentiment displayed
You'd view, like me, with deep disgust
The Advertising Spaces Trust.

The trees that girdle yonder brook
Are not so rural as they look.
The Lumber Trust has set its mark
On all that carries leaves and bark.

(Interlude)

What's this that interrupts our talk?
A feathered flurry and a squawk!
The deed is done!—Alight we must
To compensate the Chicken Trust.

Ha! neatly steered!—I thought, I vow,
The Bacon Trust had lost a sow.
They should not let their live stock stray
At large upon the public way.
In darksome road or twining lane
The swine is still the driver's bane
As, uttering unearthly squeals,
He turns to pork beneath the wheels.

(Catastrophe)

Lift up my head, that I may see
Where scattered lies the rest of me.
Those scraps of metal doubtless are
The fragments of my priceless car.
Things might be worse, since you assert
That you are totally unhurt;
But I am sped—though still alive
I cannot possibly survive.

Ah! Cruel Fate that could not spare
Her pampered child, the Millionaire;
Cut off, by her remorseless knife,
From luxury, and love and life.
Now, when the Drug and Ambulance
And Bandage Trusts have had their chance,
They'll hand me on—I am but dust
For treatment by the Coffin Trust.

E. C. Bentley.

An Introduction

SINCE the advent of that modern miracle, the motor car, there has followed in its train such a considerable volume of literature dealing with it, both lay and professional, that it seems at times as though any addition to it is a burden hardly to be borne by a long-suffering and patient public. In these pages, however, it is hoped to strike out a new line. There are motor cars *and* motor cars. It by no means follows that because one type is large, magnificent, and expensive that it is the only one; nor, on the other hand, that the small, cheap, and simple *voiturette* is unworthy of consideration. Midway between the two stands the practical, every-day, useful and common-sense vehicle now being so largely bought by ordinary carriage folk. With these types especially, as with others, it is proposed to deal from a rational standpoint, not praising everything because it is a novelty, not condemning anything merely because it is a departure from present practice, and, in particular, drawing attention to what in the hard school of experience has proved itself to be simple, efficient, and durable; above all preserving the absolute freedom and independence, "without fear, favour, or affection," in which spirit of writing alone can any considerations be submitted at all likely to be welcomed by my Readers. Up goes the curtain, and hand-in-hand with the *confrères* with whom he has the honour to be associated, the producer of these Notes, as gracefully as he is able, bows to an indulgent public.

The Crystal Palace Show

THE recent Show at the Crystal Palace, though arranged mainly in the interest of the cycling fraternity, marks a step further in the invasion of the territory of the ordinary cyclist by him who no longer pushes pedals round with his feet. There have been, however, a good proportion of cars on view, and as these were not only interesting in themselves, but as they also afforded a fitting preparation for the novice contemplating a visit to the great Motor Shows proper, the first one of which takes place in the same building in February, a few notes on these exhibits may not be out of place.

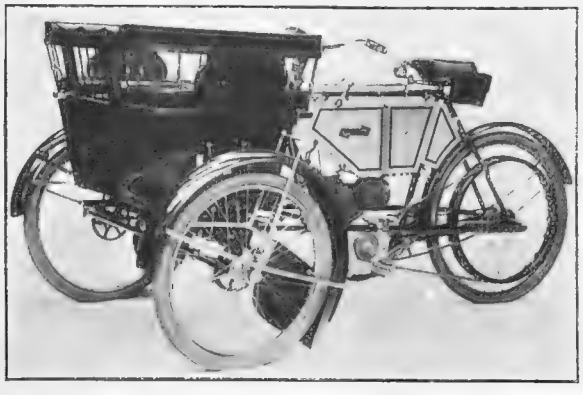


Photo by *Russell*

A Delightful Governess Car

Concerning Bodies and Engines

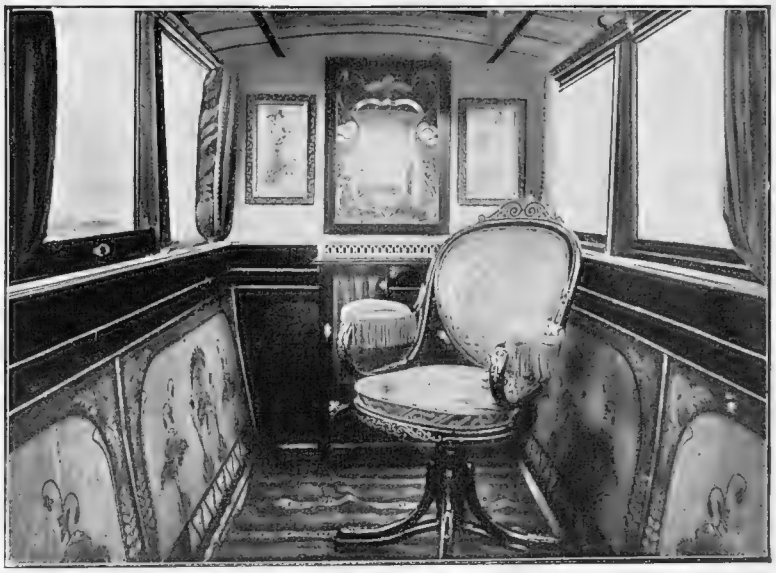
To most novices a Motor Exhibition is a wilderness of paint and varnish, and even to persons of some experience appears to be merely a maze and a labyrinth. Compared with such a visit to buy a motor car, an expedition to a horse dealer's alone to select a hunter or hack is simple child's play. In the first place it is to be observed that the body-work and upholstery of a car (apart from offering comfortable spots to sit down upon) has nothing at all to do with the efficiency of the motive power of the carriage. These are fittings of the coach-builder, and not of the engineer, and, apart from the question of weight, not too much attention should be paid to them. If it can be seen, the naked, unpainted *chassis* is the thing to look at. The position of the engine, gear, wheels, springs, pump, tanks, radiators, etc., can be seen at a glance, and to this can be fitted, agreeably to the wishes and needs of the owner, almost any sort of body. It is, indeed, becoming a common practice—and a good one, for our home industry—for many of the old-established coach-builders to buy the *chassis* above referred to of any car, on which they build the carriage-work proper, in order not to lose the custom of families who for generations may have procured horse-drawn vehicles from their old-established firm.

From *a Photo*

A Car built for the Emperor of China

The Beaufort 10 h.p. with Side Doors

A Beaufort car (10 h.p.), with natural wood body, was noticeable. This vehicle is sold at a not extravagant price, and would appear to be a coming rival to the 12 h.p. Darracq, which is among the best of the cheaper cars now turned out by the hundred on normal lines. Either of these cars can run a mile in two minutes, which, when one comes to think of it, surely is quite fast enough for the "curly" roads of Old England, unless one is *really* in a hurry.



From a Photo

Interior of Car built for the Emperor of China.

The Benz-Parsifal

It appears to have been generally surmised that with the adoption and standardisation of parts of that most excellent vehicle the Benz-Parsifal car, Benz, of Mannheim, had deserted the friend of his youth, the "small" man. This, however, is not so, and while for the present not pushing the manufacture of the gear-driven 4½ h.p. Victoria and 6½ h.p. Tonneau carriages which have been both inexpensive and successful, he is in a few weeks placing on the market a new type to meet the requirements of that now ubiquitious individual, the economical motorist, who, "although he is on pleasure bent" in the motor world, "yet has a frugal mind." The details are not in the meantime to be made public, but, "should this meet the eye" of any such, it will be a piece of sound advice to say, wait and see it before the momentous choice on which so much hangs is made, and the definite order given. "Good it is sure to be. Cheap it is going to be"—*verb. sap. sat.*

The Light Car

Just beyond the border-line of the motor cycle is to be found the light car, and this was exemplified at the "National." It is impossible for an impartial person to bestow indiscriminate praise on any vehicle driven by machinery after merely looking at it. One should no more purchase a motor car on these lines than one would a traction engine. The purchaser, especially he whose bank account is limited, wants value for money, and his desiderata are simplicity, efficiency, durability. Beware of cars in which everything in the least objectionable is "reduced to a minimum." For a small cost one cannot have everything perfect, and if one expects otherwise, and a pretentious cheap vehicle is purchased, all that is "reduced to a minimum" in the end is one's bank balance.

Photo by Russell

The Beaufort New Pattern Car, with Side Doors.

The Peugeot "Baby"

THE Peugeot in its "Baby" form, selling at £175, is a good sound article, and with hood and front glass, which can also be fitted, considerable protection against the weather is provided, as the writer has personally experienced.

Photo by *Russell*

A Hooded Baby Peugeot costing £175

A New "Silencer"

GREAT things are expected of the Stanley "Silencer." Many single-cylinder cars have a heavy exhaust, and it is only a question of time how long anything so disagreable is permitted to endure. It is an easy matter to "muffle" any engine, and equally easy to put back pressure on the piston and burn the valves in doing so. The Stanley people claim to have avoided this latter. One of these "Silencers" is about to be tested as to these points, and the results will be published in these pages. One thing already in its favour as a "Silencer" is—that in which it differs from so many others—it is silent! The price is moderate, from £2 10*s*., suitable for 5-8 h.p. and upwards, according to power. If it acts up to the promises of its sponsors it will indeed "fill a long felt want."

The L.G.B. Regulations

THE Philistines are upon us, in the shape of the new Local Government Board regulations, which promulgate the details prescribed by the new Act. On the whole they are satisfactory, except that the identification plates appear to be abnormally large, 3½in. high, 2½in. wide, in the space occupied by every part of it, and ⅝in. broad or thick, being the size of each letter or figure. The average dimensions of a plate with two letters for the county mark and three for the car number, will be about 1ft. 6in. long by 4½in. deep. Mercifully, only the back one need be lit up at night, and this can be easily done by the arrangement of a prism or mirror in connection with the tail lamp by the lamp-makers, but not much time is allowed to have everything *in situ* by January 1st. Considering the abominable behaviour of the few notorious "road hogs" who have been the cause of all this legislation, we seem to have come out of it better than seemed at all likely. C. J. MATSON.

Photo by *Cribb*

Cars and Motors numbered as they will appear after January 1, 1904

The Dainty Art of Charles Conder

ONE of the most interesting exhibitions in the region of Bond Street just now is a small show of fans at the Dutch Gallery by Charles Conder, whose art is all his own—indeed his very methods are quite apart from the work of other hands. I have often wondered that some art publisher has not secured his marvellous designs for reproduction, and so given to this picturesque weapon of woman's battery the charm and the distinction that are so fine a quality in this artist's subtle workmanship.

Charles Conder has mastered the whole art of the fan. He steps back into the eighteen hundreds, and brings out therefrom the spirit and essence of the period that rustles with silk and satin, a world that was the very home of dandified courtesies, the picturesque background for romance at a time when even men dressed extravagantly for their parts in dainty attire, with silver-hilted sword on hip and ivory cane in swaggering hand, and high-heeled shoe. Conder draws the faint perfume of this elaborate period in flattering pageant between the narrow limits of the two sticks of a fan; and, when he has done, there is left upon the silken web of the little fantastic thing something that is very like the faint impress of a dream—almost as elusive to grasp with the senses: dainty figures that stand or strut against majestic clouds which swing across the blue, or stroll in landscapes that are as quaintly picturesque as trim gardens. It would be impossible to do the thing more perfectly than Conder does it; and, in summing up the accomplishment of the masters who have deigned to give the fan its full significance, it is impossible to ignore his name, for he stands at the very head of those that have raised visions and set them bright as jewels across the silken ground that lies stretched upon the slender ribs of this decorative thing.

But there is in Conder's work a greater art than its fragrant and subtle application to the fan. It holds a largeness and a beauty that many an artist of repute could not get on to the four walls of a large room. There is a feeling for decoration, a tenderness of colour, a musical sense of harmony that it is almost impossible to exaggerate. And though there are one or two oil paintings in this room that make me hesitate in my estimate of this artist of ten years ago, I still think that water-colour on silk is the condition and the limitation which brings out his most exquisite powers, and makes one acknowledge his perfection and his genius; in oils and in the ordinary easel-picture, so called, he does not reach the same distinction nor the same mastery, very charming as those canvases are. He comes nearest to his high achievement in his Venetian picture of "The Church of Santa Maria della Salute," in "The Fountain," a largely seen and Watteau-esquely felt landscape in oils, and in "The Promenade," in which the romantic note is well sustained both in landscape and in figure. Yet in "The Promenade," spite of the gracious dreamy figure of the full-skirted beauty who strolls through the romance-laden atmosphere, and in "The Fountain," spite of the fine balance of the composition and the fantastic arrangement of the well-ordered design, there is in the colour and the handling of the paint a hint of greenish harshness and a tendency to a certain sickliness and messiness of hue that are never even suggested in the sweet purity of colour and of handling in his water-colour on silk. Indeed, Conder uses water-colour with a decorative sense and a largeness that are an ever-fresh source of marvel in every new fan he paints. Whether he uses little panels, that are small masterpieces in their way, amidst the decorative scheme, as in the "Wreath Fan," where the pictures lie across a tender landscape, trim and demure, that stretches away through meadow and orchard and stream to the full clouds that rise in pearly tints into the heavens; or whether he draws two or three fantastic scenes of Pierrots and their loves, as in the fine "Corridor Fan;" or whether he catch some hint of the tragic as in the "Dante Fan," with its flying leaves across its sombre harmonies, his decorative scene and the splendour of his colour are set down atune to his idea in a little masterpiece that is as unexpected in its dreamlike fantasy as it is exquisite in its proportions.

Gossip About Art Matters

THE Bond Street Galleries are getting into stride for the winter season with one-man shows and collections of the works of men working together in some brotherhood of brain or goodfellowship. At the Fine Art Society's in Bond Street the interesting exhibition of the studies and water-colour drawings by the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Edward Poynter, closed on Saturday to make way for a series of English landscapes in water-colour by Mr. Sutton Palmer; whilst another room is taken up with a series of water-colours painted in Palestine by Mr. Stanley Inchbold. This artist has caught the heat of the East and the atmosphere of the Holy Land; and contributes pictures of many places that are of deep significance to the religious mind.

At the MODERN GALLERY, in Bond Street, Mr. Freeman has induced Mr. George Haité to show his Venetian series, "Colour and Sunlight;" and Venice proves to have been a source of considerable

inspiration to this deft artist's glowing sense of colour. His quick pencil and his fine feeling for composition have enabled Mr. Haité to record vivid impressions and richly coloured pictures of a city that has a tendency to make many a clever fellow seem only hackneyed. There was a pencil-drawing into which the artist seemed to have got the glitter of this wonderful place, a hint of its colour, and all its restless beauty of waters and picturesque shipping and gorgeous palaces.

At the Stafford Gallery, in Bond Street, are many very charming works of art; and some fine examples of Mr. W. Nicholson, of the Beggarstaff Brothers, still beautify these walls. The manager of these rooms knows the good artist when he sees him. The "Jorrocks" of Mr. James Pryde, of the Beggarstaff Brothers, that hangs on these walls is to be reproduced as a colour print at an early date, and will have, as it deserves to have, a wide sale amongst artistic buyers with the sporting instinct. Lovers of Oxford will also be glad to hear that Mr. Nicholson, whose portrait of "The Queen" and whose broad wood-cuts of "London Types" and "An Almanac of Twelve Sports" are so well known, has begun a portfolio of drawings of the Colleges of Oxford which are sure to have a large popularity in that University town as a collection of fine pictures of the place. Issued separately, these very telling drawings of this historic place will appeal as mementos of the Colleges to the men who have spent their undergraduate life therein. Mr. Nicholson is at present in America, engaged on a series of portraits; on his return it is hoped that the Oxford series will be completed.

At Messrs. Dickinson's Galleries, in Bond Street, there is a collection of Mr. Walter Crane's work on view—decorations for books, pictures, and coloured designs. I noticed also upon one of the tables the two volumes of "Miniature Painters," by J. J. Foster, which this firm is publishing in very handsome form. Some of the examples are very beautiful, and all are interesting and well reproduced—a couple of volumes of considerable value to the genealogist and miniature collector.

At the Doré Gallery, the amusing exhibition of work by the London Sketch Club closes to make way for Mr. Fletcher Watson's water-colours of cathedral interiors and landscapes, and a miscellaneous exhibition. There is also a one-man show of sketches of "Gardens in Kent," by Mr. W. G. Addison, that contains many pleasant examples of these beautiful places. By the way, how the illustrated papers could have missed Cecil Aldin's delicious "The Witch" for a coloured Christmas number supplement at the London Sketch Club it seems difficult to imagine!

Hal Dane.

With the first number of The Bystander is presented a coloured supplement, being a reproduction of "Mademoiselle Fifine," the latest picture by Mr. F. J. Waugh. Mr. Waugh's work has been very much to the fore lately, and in the course of a few weeks readers of The Bystander will be presented with a companion picture by the same artist.

From the Sale Rooms

Just as the presence of Royalty in London constitutes the social season, so do Christie's regulate the season of art sales by the opening or closing of their portals. The former event only took place towards the middle of November.

Despite this state of affairs, and despite, moreover, the confessed scarcity of disposable funds, a fresh record was created at Christie's on Friday, November 27th, when a small pendant jewel, apparently of late sixteenth century German workmanship, fell to Mr. Charles Wertheimer's bid of £6,500, being £1,250 in excess of the price paid for a somewhat similar and contemporary jewel of English manufacture at the same rooms last July. This costly work of art is in true German Renaissance style, and represents the barge of Cleopatra with rowers and musicians at prow and stern, and the Egyptian Queen and her Roman lover under a canopy in the centre. The whole jewel is lavishly decorated with polychrome, opaque and translucent enamels, and further enriched with pearls and table diamonds—in every way a fitting token of royal queenly favour, supplemented as it was by an enamel portrait of its Royal donor in a gold locket, engraved at back with the Royal cypher crowned, and bordered by a narrow band of Rose, Shamrock and Thistle. At Christie's, also, on the following day, another record was created—this time for a gross total, the sum of £13,000 being taken for a collection of Old Masters, mainly from the cabinet of the late Sir W. R. Williams, of Barnstaple. This amount has never been reached before at a sale of pictures in winter, and was due, to a certain extent, to the professional competition from the Continent, whence a large contingent of leading dealers and experts had flocked, attracted, doubtless, by the Renaissance jewel, and the Nattier, Terburg, and Jan Steen of Saturday's sale. The first of this trio, though not up to the exceptional level of Mr. Vaile's "Countess de Neuburg and Daughter" by the same artist, which fetched 4,500 guineas some five months ago, was nevertheless an excellent example of Nattier's finished art, and, as such, worth the 3,100 guineas for which Colnaghi and Co. acquired it, with A. Wertheimer *proxime accessit*, Terburg's "Young Lady" also fell into English hands, being adjudged to Agnews for 1,300 guineas. It was an excellently pedigreed work, and typical of that Master, being, moreover, highly spoken of by Smith. It came to this country in 1816, and at the Winstanley sale in 1850 went for a matter of just under £100.

With the exception of the already chronicled lots, the only events of interest in the collecting world have been contributed by the book sales at Sotheby's and Hodgkins', the former firm having taken £60c on the 2nd November for a volume of Shelley's poems which had never appeared at auction before, and of which only one other copy is known to exist. It was entitled: "Poems, by Victor and Cazire."

> Call it not vain:—They do not err,
> Who say that, when the poet dies,
> Mute nature mourns her worshipper.
> —*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

Original half-russia, fine copy. Worthing: printed by C. and W. Phillips for the Authors, and sold by J. J. Stockdale, 41, Pall Mall, and all other Booksellers, 1810.

The Dante Fan

The
Corridor Fan

"Les Flaneurs"

Three Fans from Mr. Charles Conder's Exhibition at the Dutch Gallery

CONCERNING MR. CHAMBERLAIN

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Private Member, Privy Councillor, Fellow of the Royal Society, Chancellor of the University of Birmingham, Doctor of Laws at Cambridge, Doctor of Civil Law at Oxford, and Justice of the Peace; sometime Secretary of State for the Colonies, President of the Board of Trade, President of the Local Government Board, Rector of Glasgow University, and Mayor (three times) of Birmingham. Such is his official record. He has been a good many things, you see, in his time—a fact of which he is often reminded in politics.

You have heard of the "raging, tearing propaganda." Here you see it in operation. Mr. Chamberlain is shown enforcing his argument. He is seeking to convince the country. Is he succeeding? That is just what the country would like to know.

He was born in Camberwell, which made all the difference to the history of the world. If he had been born in Cork they would have had Home Rule long ago. If he had been born in France he would have been Emperor by now. If, on the other hand, he had been born in Russia, he would probably have been President. If he had been born in Germany, the Kaiser would not have had it all to himself. If he had been born in the United States, he would have cornered wheat, consolidated the chewing-gum industry, financed the Panama Canal, reduced Mr. Pierpont Morgan (his hated rival) to beggary, and bought Buckingham Palace. If he had been born in New Zealand, we should never have heard of Mr. Seddon. Any one of these things, it will be admitted, would have deflected the general course of events very seriously.

He made his mark and his money, as everyone knows, in Birmingham. He made screws and speeches with continually growing success, and it ended in his having no local rival at either accomplishment. It is not upon record that he ever heard the bells of Birmingham hint at the possibility of his becoming mayor of that city three times. He never needed, as far as we know, such encouragement, and it is hard to believe that he ever lacked confidence in his own powers.

It was while the municipal battles of Birmingham were absorbing the energy he spared from business that America first heard of Mr. Chamberlain. In spite of every expedient, it was found impossible to keep Mr. Chamberlain's screws out of the United States, where, as in every other country of the world, he was selling those useful articles at a good profit. At last the Yankee manufacturers put their heads together, and arranged to pay Mr. Chamberlain's firm a large sum yearly to keep out of the American market. And so, as Mr. Chamberlain once said, "My firm received a handsome income for years from the American manufacturers." The general admiration felt in the United States for Mr. Chamberlain's statesmanship is tempered with a wistful wish on the part of those manufacturers that he had taken to it earlier.

According to J[illegible]e Co[illegible]dé Wi[illegible]ns, who knew Birmingham as [illegible] Chamb[illegible]lain at twenty-five, when he w[illegible] Rac[illegible]al, wore his eyeglass; but the orchid had [illegible]me into his life. This is the earliest point to w[illegible]ave been able to trace back the eyeglass. Und[illegible]ly the moment at which a man begins habitu[illegible]wear one is a turning-point in his history. T[illegible] also remembers that Mr. Chamberlain [illegible]o wear, in winter, a sealskin coat reach[illegible]s boots. "I could not have believed," write[illegible] Judge, with a hint of malice, "that he would ever wish to change it."

It is not as a wag that Mr. Chamberlain will go down to posterity; but he did once say, in the days of his Birmingham apprenticeship to politics, an exceedingly, if unconsciously, funny thing. He declared, in the glowing peroration of a speech delivered to the electors of his ward, that he would be satisfied if it could be written on his tombstone after death that he abolished the kidney pavements in the streets of Birmingham. It is a witness to Mr. Chamberlain's strength of purpose that so few people nowadays can imagine what he meant by "kidney pavements." Whatever they were, he abolished them; but it is very doubtful whether any reference to the fact will appear in his epitaph, when it comes—and may the day be far distant!—to be written. And possibly the prospect of having that achievement chronicled in marble would not give Mr. Chamberlain such complete satisfaction now.

There is another story, vouched for by one of his most adoring biographers, that is funnier still. It takes us back to Mr. Chamberlain's nursery days. He arranged with his sister a battle of wooden soldiers and toy cannon; the general whose artillery knocked down most of the other side to be counted winner. The easy victory, without the loss of a man, of the youthful Joseph led to the discovery that his soldiers were glued to the nursery floor.

There is no other man about whom so many various opinions exist. If one praised him so as to be in agreement with Mr. Balfour, it would not satisfy Mr. Chaplin, still less Mr. Jesse Collings. If one denounced him in the manner of Mr. Asquith, who was once seen going down the water-chute at Earl's Court with Mr. Chamberlain, it would be too tame for Mr. Stead, who has never been seen in any such compromising circumstances, and would seem mere milk-and-water to Mr. Swift McNeill.

But all agree that Mr. Chamberlain is a man of intensely powerful and tireless personality, who has won, by his own unaided abilities, a place in the eye of the Empire and of the World that is second to none; that in the administration of his public offices he has shown himself one of the best organisers, hardest workers, and pleasantest men to work with, that the Civil Service has known in our time; that he never shirked a fight; and that when he urges a thing, he urges it with conviction.

The Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.

THERE has hardly been a more significant development of public taste of late years than that which has taken place in everything that pertains to the ordering of gardens. It is not so much in the expert culture of flowers that the growth of interest is apparent, although there are probably a dozen horticulturists to-day to one that could be found a quarter of a century ago. It is in the placing of the right things in the right places, in the increased sense of what makes for beauty in the garden, in the shaking off of unworthy conventions in the use of flowers and shrubs and trees as decorations, that the growth of taste is most marked. So that now it would hardly be too much to say that in the majority of country houses, great or small, you will find someone who has the garden in hand where five-and-twenty years ago everything would have been left to the gardener.

There is one man to whom more than anyone else this revival of interest is due. It is just twenty years ago this month since the first edition of Mr. W. Robinson's "The English Flower Garden" was first published, and from November, 1883, may be said to date the extraordinary growth in the love of the garden that has penetrated to every corner of England. That wonderful compilation is still indispensable, but others have entered the field since, and Miss Jekyll and Mrs. Earle, with their delightful books, to mention only two of the great army of those who have written on the subject, have added a stimulus to the growth of the hobby.

Levens Hall

THE beautiful gardens of Levens Hall, in Westmoreland, which are here illustrated, are probably unique in this respect, that they are seen to-day in precisely the form in which they were first planned and planted just three centuries ago. There is preserved at Levens a plan of them dated 1720, which shows that, with the exception of a few alterations in one single corner, every path and hedge remains the same. In his fine work on "Formal Gardens in England and Scotland" Mr. Inigo Triggs gives some interesting particulars about the laying out of the Levens gardens. It was Colonel James Grahame, Keeper of the Privy Purse to James II., who settled there after the Revolution, and calling to his aid a pupil of the famous French gardener Le Nôtre, laid out the garden as we see it to-day. M. Beaumont was his adviser, who is said to have laid out the garden at Hampton Court as well as that of Levens. But although its creator was a Frenchman, the Levens gardens show only the influence of the Dutch models

Photo by *Hogg*

A Beautiful Garden: Yews and Hornbeams at Levens near Kendal

Photo by **Topiary Work at Levens** *Hogg*

which became prevalent soon after the accession of William and Mary, and there it is to this day, showing exactly what our ancestors meant their gardens to grow into three hundred years ago. "Even the topiary work," writes Mr. Inigo Triggs, "though, of course, considerably grown, still retains its character, and many of the trees are believed to have been planted when large enough to have been partly shaped into the forms they were intended afterwards to present."

Topiary Work

At the time when the yews and hornbeams of Levens were planted a reaction was beginning to set in against the elaborate topiary work of which they afford some of the best existing examples. Addison wrote in the *Spectator* in 1712: "I do not know whether I am singular in my opinion, but for my own part I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriancy, with its diffusion of boughs and branches, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure, and cannot imagine but that an orchard in flower looks infinitely more delightful than all the little labyrinths of the most finished *parterre*." And the next year Pope, in the *Guardian*, was even more outspoken:—

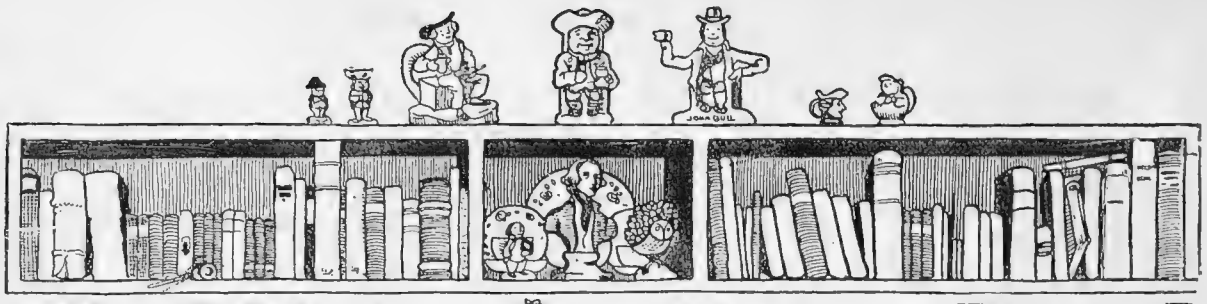
A citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants like those of Guildhall. I know an eminent cook who beautified his country seat with a Coronation Dinner in greens, where you see the Champion on horseback at one end of the table and the Queen in perpetual youth at the other.

He also describes:—

St. George in box; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the Dragon by next April. A green Dragon of the same with a tail of ground ivy for the present. Edward the Black Prince in cypress. An old maid of honour in wormwood. And a quickset hog, shot up into a porcupine, having been forgot during a week of rainy weather.

But however much we may smile at these old conceits, the beauty of the giant hedges at Levens, some of them twelve feet through, can hardly be denied.

Photo by **Clipping the Yews at Levens** *Hogg*



The Harbour of Refuge S.W.

BY OUR HOPELESS OPTIMIST

"Those whom the Gods love—are always young."

"For what we are about to receive—hot sausages again—Carmichael!"

"Sir."

"Hot sausages, idiot. Is my digestion to be ruined because a man with two feet and one arm in the grave—oh, good morning, Adam."

Adam

I ventured to interpose, "There are eggs."

Fifteen stone of Adam sat down breezily in a chair. "Mornin', Abel, mornin', everybody—sausages, anybody?"

Abel growled. Carmichael remained the sphinx in dress clothes that he always was. I went out of the room with my third cup. Do you wonder that I have a Harbour of Refuge?

The room I wish to introduce to you is a place of pipes and peace—of books, prints, china, easy chairs, and a litter of comforts. Abel calls it the Dustbin. Adam doesn't say anything but "Good Lord, what a mess!" Carmichael insists on calling it the 'Arbour.

Come inside. I may as well admit at once that my name is Absolam—thanks to thoughtless and Calvinistic parents, but I don't wear my hair long for all that. I don't feel at all amusing after breakfast, but I feel perfectly happy. I often wonder if the imperturbable Carmichael is happy. It seems almost too solemn to imagine that Carmichael could feel any emotions behind that severe shirt-front, that irreproachable dress suit. Was he ever a boy? I find myself wondering if such servants were ever boys, if the powdered footmen and the august butlers ever climbed trees. Fancy Carmichael up a tree, or up anything for that matter; he is so level, so smooth. I think somehow that such English servants are our feeble approach to the East—suave, mysterious personages in their solemn black. Carmichael is elderly—what exact age I do not know; he has been with us for twenty years now—a sort of respectable background. If he were anybody else's servant I should be frightened of him. The power behind the armchair, he knows all our faults and foibles, all our vanities and backslidings, he rules the kitchen with a hand of velvet and a voice of plush—and I believe he rules us too. Adam, although perfectly at ease before him, is on less familiar terms with him than with anyone. Abel curses at him and growls, but he always gives in. Carmichael never says anything. If I leave my pipes in the dining-room and my slippers in the hall, in some sort of stealthy way they appear in the Harbour of Refuge, a regular reproach. Battle, murder, and sudden death leave him equally unmoved. I wish I could catch him with a penny novelette, or a cheap cigarette, or going out on Sunday in a sporting pair of trousers.

You mustn't be bored with me, my brothers and Carmichael—well, you can't be bored with him; if you knew him you might want to shout or make faces, or do something perfectly ludicrous to rouse him, but you can't be bored with an automaton. Thank goodness, it is getting less fashionable to be bored nowadays; people are beginning to realise that it is a form of brainlessness.

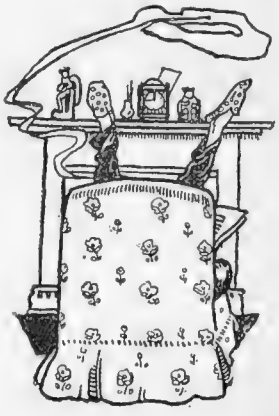
Abel

Adam or Abel or both come into the Harbour after dinner and argue with me quite often. Will you come too? We are very good natured really, in spite of appearances, and we are enormously interesting.

I find this on my table; it is Adam's; he has the habit:—

"Barrie had a little meal,
It made him quite contrary,
And gave, oh! such a funny feel
In Barrie's Little Mary."

Rather good, isn't it, for a sea-captain? But it would never do to tell Adam so. As the door opens upon Carmichael in quest of the tea-cup, I hear Abel going up to his room (we call it the Parliament House, because he sits there half the day and does nothing) muttering as he goes, "Hot sausages!"



Myself

Our Short Story

THE HANDKERCHIEF

By J. R. HARRIS BURLAND

ONE summer afternoon the Comtesse de Lusignac sat alone in the gorgeous drawing-room that looked out across the green expanse of Hyde Park. She lay back wearily on a large Chesterfield couch, and fanned herself slowly with a cheque-book. Two visitors had just departed, and they had taken £30 with them for the "Restoration of the Church." The Rev. Mr. Gilliflower, in his parting speech of thankfulness, had said that charity was a woman's mission in life, and his words were still buzzing like bees in the ears of the Countess. She sat idly wondering what real mission in life a woman like herself could be said to have. She had read that men must work and women must weep. But she knew that she did not look very attractive when she wept. She had a dim idea that a woman had three paramount duties—to look well, to amuse the men when they deserved it, and to amuse herself.

The Countess was an exceedingly beautiful woman. She had been purchased for £70,000 a year, a house in Park Lane, a château in Normandy, and a palatial residence in the west of England. All things considered, she was not dear at the price, though some people said she had the best of the bargain. Her husband, small, fiery, and devoted, was, after all, only a harmless lunatic of the common type. His present mania was to imagine that he was a great dramatist.

He spent most of the day in his study, and left her to amuse herself. She was successful in her amusements. Quite forty men were at her feet. She had arranged them like strings on a harp, and played whatever tunes she liked. Some of the notes were sweet, but none of them had ever reached her heart.

Her meditations were interrupted by a ring at the bell. She rose instinctively to her feet, and, standing before a mirror, regarded herself with satisfaction. Her costume was perfect. Her dark hair crowned one of the most lovely faces in London. Her form, tall, stately and exquisitely moulded, would have served for a model to Praxiteles himself.

Then the door was flung open, and the footman announced Sir Lionel Wickliffe.

She turned from the glass and greeted him with a smile and an outstretched hand.

"Well, Lucy," he said, with a laugh, retaining her hand rather longer than was absolutely necessary. "I see you are still fond of beautiful pictures."

"Do you mean to imply that I am painted?" she replied. "I am so glad you have come, Lionel. Sit down." She seated herself again on the couch, and he took his place beside her. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man of about forty-five, with a clean-shaven bronzed face. No one in society had a good word to say for his character, but he was an entertaining companion, and was asked everywhere.

"You look tired," he said, gazing earnestly into her face.

"Mr. and Mrs. Gilliflower have just gone," she replied, with a sigh. "They have taken £30 with them, and left a very pious atmosphere behind. I feel like a church. Do you think I want restoring?"

"It would be vandalism," he cried out, "but when you do——"

"Will you subscribe? I think I shall start a 'Woman's Restoration Fund.' Really, some of the people are too terrible. They spoil all the beauty of our streets. I wish the County Council would take the matter up."

"So you are glad to see me, Lucy," he interrupted, in a grave voice.

"Yes," she replied. "I want to be amused. Talk! Say whatever you like, but say it well."

The man looked on the ground, and traced patterns with his stick on the carpet.

"I am afraid I shall bore you to-day," he said, after a pause. "I want to ask your advice in a little matter, and—and get your help, if you will give it me."

"Well?"

"I am over forty," he said, in a tone that implied the discovery of some great truth.

"I am afraid I cannot help you there," she answered.

"No, but I have been thinking that I ought to—well, that I ought to marry."

"Marry," the Countess said in an icy voice. "You call that a little matter. Well, I suppose it is—for a man. Has the married life you have seen inspired you with this sudden ambition?"

"There's my family to be thought of."

"Oh! You don't love anyone, then," and she looked at him keenly. He turned away his eyes.

"Only one woman," he replied, passionately, "and I cannot marry her, because she is married already."

"All right, Lionel," she said, in a low voice. "It's not necessary to talk like that. I know you too well."

"You don't seem to care much," he exclaimed, peevishly.

"Care?" she replied, slowly. "I don't think we care much for anything, you and I, except to amuse ourselves. You don't love this girl, then? I suppose there is a girl, and I suppose she has money. Money is a very——"

The door was suddenly flung open with a crash, and a little man tore into the room waving a few loose sheets of manuscript over his head. His hair was

touzled, as though he had run his hands through it in hours of anxious study. His moustaches and imperial stood out like little spikes. His face was red with excitement.

"Ah, *ma chérie*," he cried. "Hullo, my friend, how do you do?" He pounced on Sir Lionel, and shook his hand as a terrier might worry the paw of a mastiff.

"Very well, Count, thanks; and you?"

"Ah, I am in heaven," the little man replied; "in ecstasy—uprisen—as a lark. See here," and he thrust the manuscript into Sir Lionel's face. "See here, *mon ami*, in zis leetle, leetle scroll. How great things do lie in so small a space, eh, *mon ami?*"

"Will you have some tea, Alphonse?" said the Countess, wearily.

"Tea?" he screamed. "Oh, zees women, they haf no soul. Tea, madame, at zis time? Ze grand moment! Ah, you do not comprehend."

"What is it, Count?" asked Sir Lionel, with a grim smile. "The grant of a new title? Some valuable deeds? Some old and rare manuscript?"

"A manuscript? Oui, not old, but rare. Ah, it is incomparable. You are an actor, eh?"

"I have done a little in that line."

"Here is ze play," the Count exclaimed, tapping the manuscript with his forefinger. "Ze play of ze age—ze language of Shakespeare without any of his—his, what you call, indelicacies, eh?"

"Ah, that will be nice," said Sir Lionel, trying to suppress a laugh.

"Nice, nice!" shrieked the Count. "Vat a stupid vord! It is magnifique! Splendide! Terrible! Ah, and a part for you, so strong, so eloquent! There is nothing like that part in all your Shakespeare, eh?"

"No, I suppose not."

"And madame, the Comtesse, a part for her too. Ah, she is a great actress, is madame. Superbe! You haf never seen her act, eh?"

"Not on the stage, Count."

"Ah, in ze salon, perhaps—a small performance, eh? But I must depart."

"I congratulate you, Count," said Sir Lionel. "When will it be produced?"

"Ah, soon, soon," the Count cried, rushing to the door. "Pardon for leaving, but my time, it is vorth hundreds of pounds for every meenit. *Au revoir. Au revoir!*" The door banged behind him with a crash. There was silence after the roar of the whirlwind. Then Sir Lionel laughed, but the Countess did not smile.

"A play," said Sir Lionel. "Is this the latest?"

"Yes," the Countess replied, with a sigh, "this is the latest—well, what were you saying."

"You had just said that people do marry for money sometimes. Now this girl——"

"I thought there was a girl," the Countess broke in, gripping one of the cushions with her left hand, as if she wished to throttle the life out of it.

"You know her," said Sir Lionel Wickliffe; "in fact, she lives in this house."

"One of the servants? I cannot spare any of them. And I don't think the cook has amassed a fortune out of me yet."

"Please be serious, Lucy," he replied, looking hard at the empty fireplace; "she is your niece."

The Comtesse de Lusignac rose to her feet, imperious, with parted lips and flashing eyes. She was an excellent actress.

"My niece," she cried. "Sir Lionel, this is too much." Then she suddenly curbed her passion, looked at him contemptuously, and sat down again, but not by his side.

"Yes, your niece," he said, humbly, "and I want your help."

"Do you love her?" she asked, snapping out the words as though they left a bitter taste in her mouth.

"I admire her," he replied. "She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen but one, and that one is beyond my reach." The Countess made a gesture of disgust.

"That'll do," she said drily. "Please keep to your subject."

"Well, I want your help."

"And you expect me to give it. You expect a good deal, Lionel."

"You were always my friend, Lucy."

"I was," she replied, with emphasis on the past tense. "Well, how can I help you? Am I to extol your virtue, say how good you are, how noble, how true?"

"No, you needn't perjure yourself to that extent. But this girl is half in love with young George Grantham."

"Well?"

"Well," the man continued, "he is very susceptible."

"Yes," the Countess replied, thoughtfully, "I have found that out myself. He is not so much in love with Adèle since she has been staying with me."

Sir Lionel Wickliffe laughed. "Of course not," he replied. "Well, that is just what I want."

"You want me to alienate his affections. You are not very scrupulous."

"And you?" he asked, with a faint sneer.

"Oh, I have been doing it for my amusement. That is different. But to do it for an object—ugh! How vulgar."

"Well, go on doing it for your amusement. You will do me a good turn as well. But could you not compromise young Grantham in her eyes?"

"You are sublime," she replied. "But it could certainly be arranged. Boys like to think they are in love with a married woman. It's supposed to be so wicked."

"He is coming here presently, is he not?" Sir Lionel continued. "Couldn't you give him a handkerchief, or something like that, something more tangible than words? You might do this for me. You love mischief, Lucy."

"Only for its own sake," she replied; "when it has a purpose it loses all charm."

"Yet to serve an old friend?" and he hesitated. He was not so shameless that he could not see the irony of the situation. The Countess rose to her feet, and laughed. There was a dangerous sparkle in her eyes.

"Very well," she said, "I will do it, and you—you'll tell her, I suppose?"

"I will see that she knows." A sudden crash was heard outside the door, and a cry of annoyance.

"What on earth——" began Sir Lionel.

"Oh, that's only Adèle," the Countess said, with a laugh. "She is a little young and noisy—breaks things, you know. I hope you——"

The door was flung open and a young girl of eighteen burst into the room—a veritable wild rose of a girl, dainty, fragile, with the fresh colour of youth and health. She rushed to the Countess and stood before her, like a schoolgirl in fear of punishment.

"I am so sorry, auntie," she said, in a pleading voice. "It was right on the edge, stupid old thing. Whoever put it there?" Then she caught sight of Sir Lionel, and bowed.

"What is it, dear?" asked the Countess.

"Only a silly little green vase on the shelf outside," the girl replied. "I will buy you another one to-morrow. I saw lots in Regent Street last week. I will, really, auntie dear."

"It doesn't matter, child," said the Countess, with a wry face. The vase was of old jade and had cost fifty pounds.

"Why, where's George?" exclaimed the girl, and she looked round the room as though she expected to see him concealed behind some piece of furniture.

"I am afraid he is not coming," said the Countess. "Will you go as far as the library, dear, and get me a book?"

"What book, auntie?"

"Oh, any new book—new novel. Here, Sir Lionel, you can make yourself useful and escort her so far. You are a good judge of fiction, and I want a few minutes' peace."

Sir Lionel bowed. "If Miss Norris——" he began.

"Oh, all right," the girl broke in, "I will go and get my hat on. It's in the hall," and she walked slowly out of the room, her pretty face shadowed with disappointment. When she had gone, the Countess turned to Sir Lionel Wickliffe.

"In the hall," she said. "Was there ever such a child? Now you have your chance, Lionel. When you return with her——"

"We shall find George?"

"Exactly."

Their eyes met for an instant, and both understood.

"Lucy, you are an angel," exclaimed Sir Lionel. "I only wish——"

"It doesn't matter what you wish," she interrupted, "or what I am. I am no fool, at any rate."

In less than a minute Adèle Norris returned, and Sir Lionel Wickliffe left the room with her.

The Comtesse de Lusignac heard the door close behind them. Then she leant back in her chair and laughed.

"What a child," she said to herself, "and what a man. I can imagine them as a married couple. And now for a little amusement to while away the afternoon."

She rose to her feet and crossing over to a Buhl writing-table, opened one of the drawers, and took out a small crumpled lace-embroidered handkerchief. She looked at one corner of it and smiled. Then she picked up a novel, and, flinging herself on the sofa, tried to concentrate her attention on the woes of a somewhat invertebrate heroine.

Twenty minutes later there was a ring at the bell, and Mr. George Grantham was announced. He was a tall, good-looking young fellow of twenty-two, with close-cropped curly hair, and an honest, boyish countenance. As he entered he looked round the room, and a shadow of disappointment crossed his face. The Countess rose to meet him.

"Ah, Mr. Grantham, how are you? Disappointed, eh? But you should not show it so plainly. It is uncomplimentary."

"Disappointed, Countess," he said, as he took her outstretched hand, "why——"

"She will be here soon," she interrupted, with a laugh. "May I try and entertain you till she comes?" She sat down on the couch, and motioned him to sit beside her. He looked at her admiringly.

"Why are you so unkind, Countess?" he said. "You know how great a pleasure it is for me——"

"You are getting on, George," she cried. "I beg your pardon. I should have said Mr. Grantham, but your name is so much on my niece's lips that I forgot myself."

"I hope you will always forget yourself, Countess. Have you forgotten last Saturday afternoon?" and he looked earnestly into her eyes.

"Entirely," she replied. "What did I do or say?"

"Nothing," he said, idiotically, "you simply looked."

"Charming, I hope?"

"No," he stammered. "Yes, of course, you looked charming; but you looked at me."

"What an extraordinary occurrence."

"It was—it was the way you looked," he faltered.

The Countess laughed and dropped her eyes. Then she took out the handkerchief, and twisted it nervously in her fingers.

"You are laughing at me," he exclaimed, indignantly. "You Society women have no hearts."

"We have hearts," the Countess replied, trying to keep herself from laughing, "but, thank Heaven, we have bad memories. And we don't wear our hearts upon our sleeves."

"If you did," he said, angrily, "it wouldn't matter. They would be too small for anyone to see."

"It depends upon the colour of the sleeve. It would show up well on a white sleeve. They're so very black, you see," and she pressed the handkerchief to her lips to hide a smile.

"Why do you laugh at me?" he exclaimed, angrily. "I know I am only a boy, but I have the feelings of a man."

"But the inability of a man to control them," she retorted.

"I shan't come here again."

"Poor Adèle," she murmured.

"Adèle," he said, tenderly. "Yes; she's not like you. I hope you won't make her like you."

"Lucky for my husband I'm not like her," the Countess said, with a laugh. "She has broken a hundred pounds' worth of things since she has been in the house."

"You would never break anything, Countess," he replied, "but hearts. You are too—too well bred. She's only a child."

"And therefore irresistible. Even a man of the world like Sir Lionel Wickliffe——"

"Sir Lionel?" he interrupted, hastily. "What has he to do with her? Adèle and that man!"

"They have gone out together," said the Countess, with a sigh, "but they will be back directly." George Grantham's face flushed.

"I prefer a woman of the world," he blurted out.

"When you are twenty years older," the Countess replied, "you will know that the charm of a young girl is beyond the price of rubies. It is the only charm one cannot buy at a hairdresser's—or at Worth's."

"It is a useful one," the young man said savagely, "to conceal a flippant and careless nature."

"Silly boy," she answered. This was fun indeed, and the Comtesse de Lusignac was in her element.

"It is better to have no heart than to pretend to have one," he continued, doggedly.

"Poor George," she murmured, tenderly.

"I admire a woman of the world," he said, decisively. "She is at least frank. I know such a woman, whom I—whom I——" and he looked into the Countess's eyes.

"Whom you admire?" she said softly.

"She is admired by all. Why should I be an exception?" And he rose to his feet.

"I suppose you will not come again," she said, also rising, "after what has happened."

"I suppose not," he replied, gloomily.

"It will be always a pleasant memory for you, though."

"Memories fade," he said, with a tragic air.

"Of course," she answered, "of course, or why have keepsakes." She stopped and looked at him shyly. She had heard voices in the hall. Adèle had returned.

"Give me a keepsake," he said. "Your handkerchief. Quick, that'll do. Quick, they are coming."

She handed him the little square of crumpled lace and linen, and he pressed it to his lips. Neither saw or heard the entrance of the Comte de Lusignac.

"A remarkable situation, sir," broke on their ears like the scream of an engine whistle. They sprang apart, and George Grantham blushed furiously.

"Pray stay like that," the Count continued. "My play. Ah, ze great play; zere's no situation in it like zat, so grand, so *pathétique*. Rehearsing, eh, madame? Ze explanation, if you please? Why does he kees your *mouchoir*, your hand—handkerchief, eh? You, sir, ze explanation?" and he turned on George Grantham, spluttering like a dog which has just come out of the water.

George Grantham was silent. Then Adèle and Sir Lionel entered the room, and stared at the group before them. Adèle looked mystified. Sir Lionel smiled. The Count turned to them.

"He begged my vife's *mouchoir*," he screamed, "my wife's hand—hand—damn ze word. She gave it him. He kees it—so——" and he kissed the manuscript in his hand with a loud smack.

An expression of pain crossed Adèle's face. Sir Lionel's eyes gleamed with triumph. The Countess could not have arranged the affair more to his satisfaction.

"Vell, sir," repeated the Count. "Haf you no tongue? Ees your eloquence exhausted?"

He was silent, and the Countess was the first to speak.

"Please stop screaming," she said, quietly. "It is not my handkerchief at all."

George Grantham started, and Sir Lionel gripped the back of a chair.

"No," she continued, "it is one of Adèle's; I picked it up on the floor. Mr. Grantham begged for it, and I—well, I'm a foolish old woman, and I gave it him. He kissed it—well he is a silly boy, that is all."

Adèle Norris blushed furiously, and looked on the carpet. George Grantham, with a hang-dog look on his face, edged a little closer to her.

"Ah, how superb an imagination," cried the Count, "but zere is his face, I can read ze truth. Ze *mouchoir*. Give it me, sir. Give it to me."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," Grantham replied, sturdily. He had a dim idea that the Countess had lied for his sake, and that he would have to stand by her at any cost. But he was quickly undeceived.

"Please give it to him, Mr. Grantham," she said with a smile. He still hesitated.

"Please, Mr. Grantham," she repeated.

He held out the handkerchief reluctantly. The Count snatched it from him and looked at all the corners till he found what he wanted. Then he gasped out the two words, "Adèle Norris."

Adèle turned away and fingered some flowers on a side table. Sir Lionel's face was black as a thundercloud. The Countess laughed and showed her perfect teeth. The Count implored forgiveness in a long speech taken *en bloc* from his new play.

"We men," he wound up, "we do not comprehend ze soul of woman—she is an angel."

"She's a devil," muttered Sir Lionel, savagely, but not so faintly that the Countess could not hear him.

"Perhaps," she said, slowly, "woman is a little of both." Then she looked at her lovely face in the glass, and smiled. She had thoroughly enjoyed herself on that summer's afternoon.

The Bystander to His Reader

A PASSER-BY, a looker-on,
  This is the facile rank that I
Hold 'neath my lord's mandilion.
    A Passer-By.

From Hackney to far Helicon
  I'd catch for you all joys that fly,
All gentle things to look upon—
    A Passer-By.

To London Town from Babylon,
  The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con—
    A Passer-By.

Photo by *F. Frith and Co.*

An Old-World Village

RAMBLES WITH A CAMERA. By G. G. Desmond

WITHAM, ESSEX

THERE are at least two Withams, one in Somerset, and the other within easy reach of London. Witham, Essex, is thirty-nine miles from Liverpool Street, twelve miles hither from Colchester, and eight miles hence from Chelmsford. The main road to Colchester, as well as the main railway line, passes through this sweet old town, which manages to take little ill from these strong ties to modern influences. The entrance to the town from Chelmsford is comparatively squalid but picturesque. It leads, by winding glimpses, over the Brain, or Guith, which gives one of its names to Braintree and the other to Witham. Guith means separation, and the river divides both hundred and parish. In the centre of the town the high street broadens to generous proportions, the houses standing nearly fifty yards apart. The old coaching inn is the Spread Eagle. It has now contracted slightly, and the emblem which, in spite of its folded appearance, once marked out the inn, stands over an adjoining shop. Just on the further outskirts of the town stands a comfortable-looking, large red brick mansion called The Grove.

Its front windows look down a fine avenue of limes just across the road. The avenue is denied to all kinds of wheeled traffic, including perambulators, but the pedestrian it pleasantly takes to the old town.

Here clusters a truly charming collection of old houses about a little hill of village green. The Norman church also is there, and next to it a handsome square vicarage. Walpole thus describes it:—"What pleased me most in my travels was Dr. Sayer's parsonage at Witham, which he has made one of the most charming villas in England. There are sweet meadows falling down a hill and rising again on t'other side of the prettiest little winding stream you ever saw." The church contains many interesting Elizabethan monuments, including those of Judge Southcote and Thomas Nevill of Holt. An entrenchment can be seen here and there round this Chipping Hill, on which the church and its pretty neighbours stand, for it was once the site of a burgh founded by Edward, son of Alfred, early in the tenth century. A green field, about three stones'-throw away, bulges to the handiwork of an age possibly still more remote.

The chief product of Witham seems to be children, who swarm out everywhere from their alleys on the announcement by their scouts of the appearance of a camera.

With wild whoops they bear down on the patient photographer before he has extended the first leg of his tripod. Small people who can scarcely toddle make grabs at the pneumatic bulb as soon as the plate is exposed. During exposure, fresh contingents arrive and strive to blot out the view with tam-o'-shanters bobbed up within a foot of the lens.

Are they jealous lest the beauties of their town should become vulgarised by too oft reproduction? No, for the assiduity with which they plague the stand-camerist is equalled by the importunate cry of "Take my phow-tow," with which they greet the unoffending "snap-shooter." Sometimes, indeed, the photographer is well rewarded by listening to the importunities of these little urchins. But having decided to forego taking a picturesque bit of scenery in favour of a group, his troubles commence.

The town is a small Cheltenham in the plain of

Photo by *F. Frith and Co.*

The Avenue

Photo by *F. Frith and Co.*

Witham High Street

Essex. Like the garden town, it is partly girdled by hills, and towards the same points of the compass; approaching most closely upon the east, and then running off to the north, and with the more considerable height of Danbury about five miles to the south-east. Like Cheltenham, again, it is the residing place of a certain number of war-worn veterans of both Navy and Army, and possesses a few good schools for the education of their children, and of boarders from all over England, and the near Continent. On the shimmering plage of Wissant once, two Parisiennes of European distinction spoke to us with joy of their school-days spent at Witham.

How the wind blows across the level country between Witham and Chelmsford! It has stripped all the trees, except some oaks, of their leaves, some of which are even now fluttering like driven butterflies in the air. Each tree has a note of its own to be drawn out when the gale strikes it. The moan of pines is more solemn and the swish of osiers more weird than any of these. Elm, oak and ash play a cheerful note, and the wild whistle of the telegraph wires is eloquent of gay fury. The music which men of our day delight in is very far distant from nature's music. Barbaric tunes are much nearer, and the instrument best known to us that the wild æolean strains resemble is the bagpipe. Softest and most inimitable note of all that the wind plays is when it lifts up fifty yards of brambly hedge and, for a moment overcoming the elastic tangle, jams it together. It is a "woof, woof" that speaks of cosy homes, into which only the life of the breeze pierces to renovate and not destroy.

Two miles from Witham by the Chelmsford road, Hatfield Peverell sheathes half a mile of the highway. The village has such a pretty name that, in spite of previous disappointments, the photographer seeks for some object of the same description. There are pleasant, middle-aged, white-fronted houses, and a passing pretty vicarage, but they mostly stand behind trees, which, when the wind lashes them on a dull day, forbid photographic attempt. There are also some old-fashioned cottages hiding shamefacedly behind the plain primness of a modern building line. They are visible from the yard of the up-to-date smithy at the Witham end of the village. The gardens of the village bloom lavishly with chrysanthemums of all the bright colours of which the flower is capable, and it must be with little hope of success that a wandering Italian goes up to each door offering to sell paper counterfeits.

The best part of Hatfield Peverell is the park. In its confines stands the pretty church, and here are also a lake, which gives silvery peeps through wych-elms, and the house itself, on most days worth an exposure. The manor of Hatfield was held by Ralph de Peverel of William the Conqueror, and the church is Norman, being the only remaining part of a priory founded for Benedictines, and including at the south-east corner some of the old monastic buildings.

Close to the village, a turning to the left leads into a long and winding lane, at first parallel with the Chelmsford road, but afterwards wandering towards the east. Tall hedges and taller trees encompass it and the tune of the wind sinks to a lullaby.

For no conceivable reason, the lane points in a new direction every hundred yards. Sometimes it seems to be bidding final adieu to the hills to which the map says it leads; then it turns towards them, only to dart away again towards the other hand. But at last it points truly towards them and hurries down hill to

their feet. Day has almost departed. A tiny brown cloud drifts across the road from right to left. It is the coy robin still up on the off chance of securing a moth for his supper. Again and again he drifts across, always from right to left, re-crossing each time without being seen. His antics take us to the foot of the hill where the broad white stream of the Chelmer gleams out of the dusk. The water tumbling over a short weir has a voice even sweeter than the wind.

All the way up the hill straggle the cottages of Little Baddow. A figure only slightly more solid than the night comes to one of them bearing two pails of water from a well. Now and then a tiny shop sends forth a stream of light and afterwards the gloom is as a wall. When level ground is reached we are five miles from Witham, and must go another mile and a half to Danbury, a line of telegraph posts bearing two wires pointing the way. A cyclist whose lamp has gone out is overtaken, and in response to the query whether Danbury is not the highest hill in Essex, strangely replies: "It was the highest, but they've got one now that is higher still." We have heard of earthquakes in Essex, but had no idea that a shock sufficient to depose the highest hill had been experienced in historic times. But the cyclist was only referring sarcastically to a reported re-measurement of Wickham Hill, and a claim based thereon which he deemed unfounded.

The Lion Tree

At Danbury Saturday's tramp ended It was not till the morning that we saw it, clothing chiefly the western slope of the crown of Danbury Hill, whither the wind blows without obstruction from the Ural Mountains. The spire of Danbury Church is part of the eastern silhouette, and dominates the plain of Europe. It is five miles from Maldon and the same distance from Chelmsford, the lights of which twinkled prettily quite a long way below as we went to bed.

Maldon is a picturesque but sullen town, with its one street from the west first splitting, then ending in fragments towards the east, where long mud-flats lead to the sea. The town is full of Roman, Danish, and Norman history and has a good Norman church. At Beleigh, which almost touches Maldon, the Chelmer and the Blackwater meet at the foot of Beleigh Long Weir, a pretty strip of falling water. Here also is Beleigh Abbey, an interesting place covering an actual dwelling. If Sunday be not the day, a few of its interior beauties will be shown as a favour, and they are approaching the unique. An elm hard by has chosen to produce a large wart on its bole in the shape of a lion's head. It is the "lion tree," whose fame has been inscribed in many a guide-book.

Great Baddow is but two miles from Chelmsford, whose fine old church and other architectural features should be well known.

Photo by *F. Frith and Co.*

Entrance to Avenue

FAVOURITES OF THE DAY

Photo by *Johnston & Hoffmann*

Miss Clara Vidal

Who is playing in "The School Girl" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre

FAVOURITES OF THE DAY

Photo by *Johnston & Hoffmann*

Miss Gaynor Rowlands

Who is appearing in "My Lady Molly" at Terry's Theatre

THE MAKING OF A NAVAL OFFICER

BY HERBERT FYFE

Photo by *W. M. Crockett*

"No end good men—the Engineers, I swear they are."

"Thank you, Twenty-one," I said; "I'll let that stand for the whole Navy if you don't mind."—RUDYARD KIPLING ("A Fleet in Being").

DR. JOHNSON once remarked that no young man with wit enough to get into gaol would join His Majesty's Navy. Were the famous lexicographer alive to-day, he would assuredly be the first to recognise that the senior Service offers splendid opportunities, and holds out excellent prospects, which appeal with peculiar force to those boys who hanker after a sailor's life and aspire to join—

"The first and greatest Regiment,
The Regiment of the Sea."

In these days one constantly hears parents exclaim: "What shall we do with our boys?" This brief sketch of the making of a naval officer offers one solution of the dilemma; this is a profession which any boy ought to be proud to join, seeing that, in the words of the Naval Discipline Act, "It is on the Navy, in the good providence of God, that the honour and safety of the land depend."

Under the new Scheme of Naval Training, which has just been put into force, the youngster who aspires to serve under the White Ensign will not, as formerly, be able to go to a Public School, for he will have to enter as a Cadet between the age of twelve and thirteen.

First, he will have to obtain a nomination from a Lord of the Admiralty, or Admiral commanding a squadron, or from a recently promoted Captain. Some day the Navy will be thrown open, as is the Civil Service, though the medical examination will necessarily always be very strict.

The entrance examination is not severe, for—as Lord Selborne said in his famous memorandum—no examination at so early an age can be considered an accurate test of what the comparative faculties of the candidates will be when they have attained manhood.

At the new Naval College at Osborne the embryo officer commences his career. He becomes the proud possessor of a uniform and a huge sea-chest, and herds with other first-termers, both for work and play.

Life at Osborne is full of variety and interest; it is pre-eminently healthy, both for mind and body, and if the youngster is not happy he had better choose some other profession before he goes any farther.

He is turned out of bed at 6.30, and his first duty is to bathe. Unless he can swim sixty yards he will not be allowed to use a boat, but the cadet soon masters the natatory art.

All through the day he is absorbing knowledge in the class-room, in rowing and sailing craft, in the workshops and elsewhere; the gymnastic instructors take him in hand; he is taught to play hockey, football, and cricket; he

Photo by *W. M. Crockett*

A Swimming Lesson

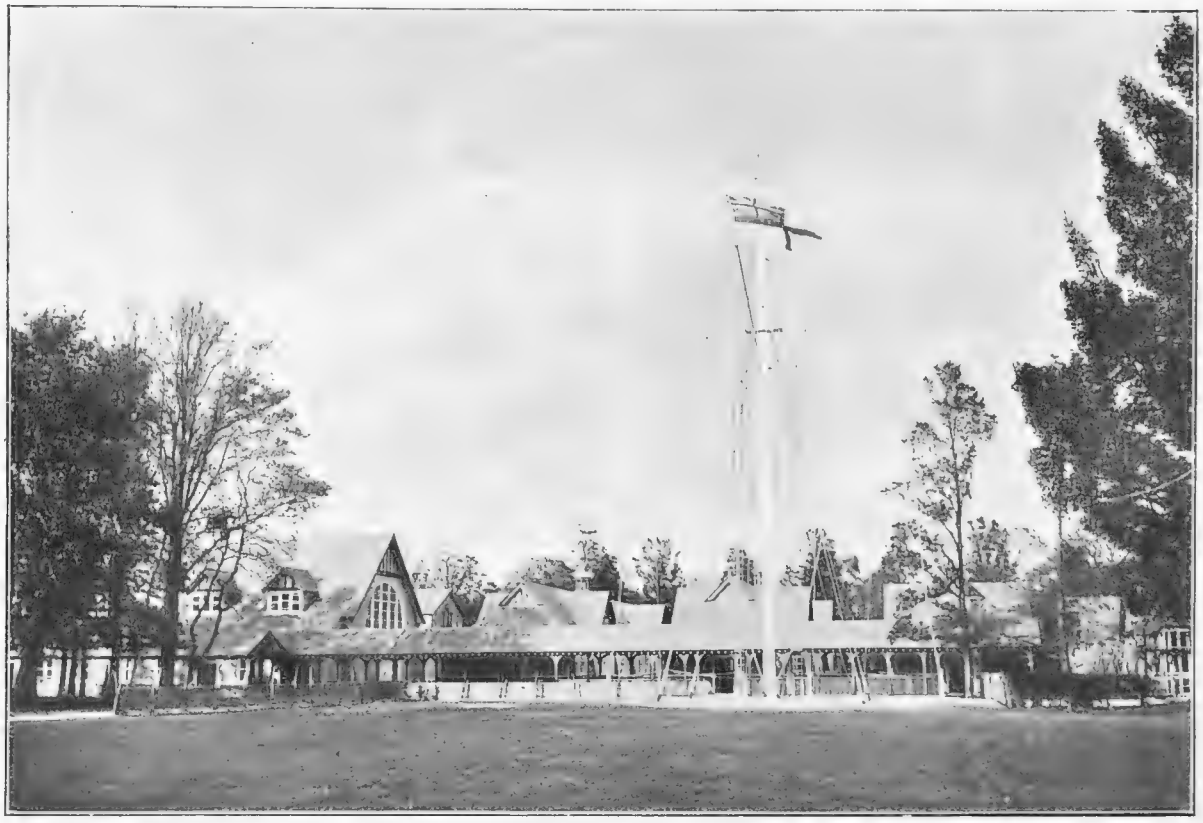


Photo by F. Frith and Co.

The New Naval College at Osborne

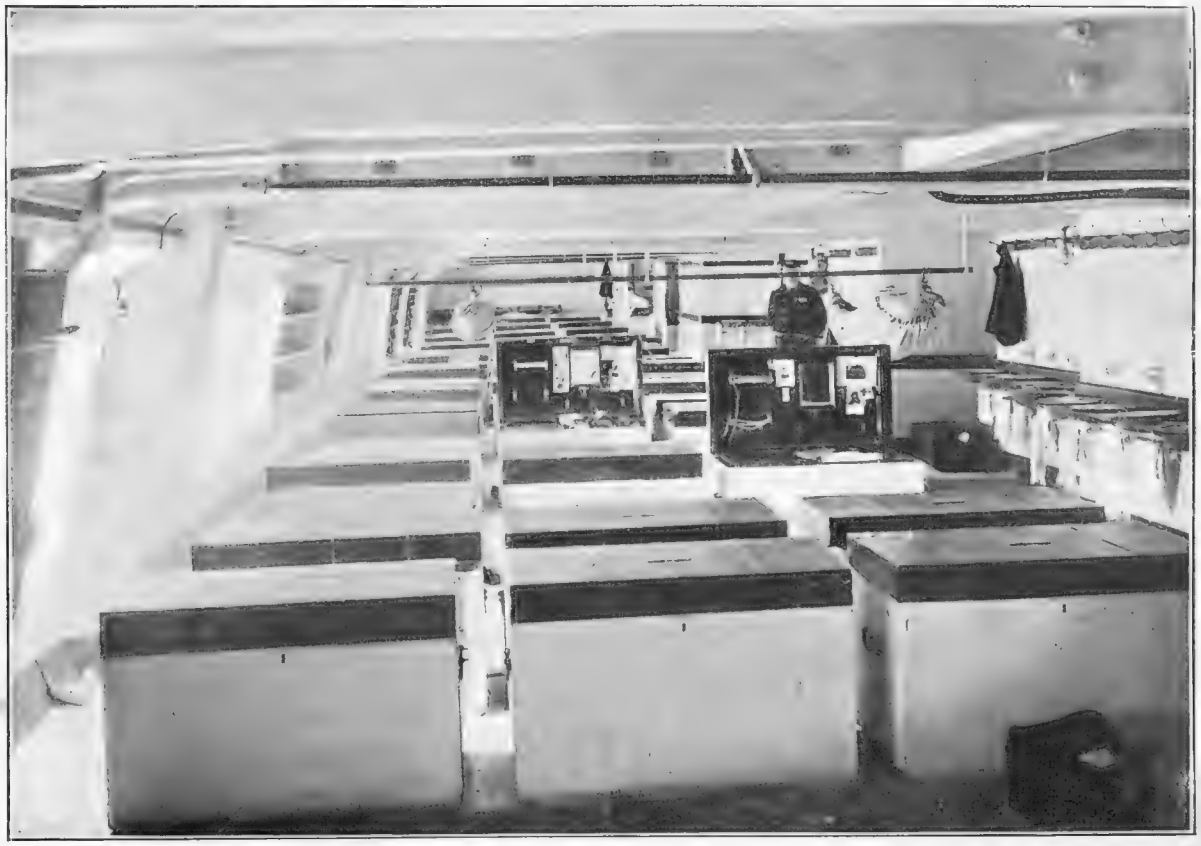


Photo by W. Gregory

Cadet's Sleeping Deck

Photo by *Cribb*

In the Machine Shop

is initiated into the mysteries of beagling, and every night, when he turns in, he feels he is being gradually fitted for the part he will have to play in after life.

When two years have passed he will be drafted to the two old hulks at Dartmouth known as the *Britannia* for the splendid new Royal Naval College on the heights above the Dart is not yet ready for the cadets.

Here he lives for two more years, increasing in knowledge and stature, enjoying life to the full, but conscious ever of the last and final passing out into the Fleet.

Surviving this he becomes a Midshipman—a real live officer on the Active List, with a new Service overcoat, a dirk, and other emblems of authority. Joining the gunroom mess of a sea-going ship he enters a new phase of existence, receives 1*s.* 9*d.* a day, and is placed in charge of a boat, thereby learning self-reliance, hardiness, coolness of head, and resource.

Still he continues to learn, being examined annually in seamanship, navigation and pilotage, gunnery, torpedo work, and engineering.

At the end of three years, having satisfactorily passed all examinations, he becomes an Acting Sub-Lieutenant. As a cadet he will have cost his parent some £100 a year, while as midshipman about £50 per annum. After a three months' course at Greenwich in mathematics, navigation, and pilotage, and a six months' course at Portsmouth in gunnery, torpedo, and engineering, our middy, on passing out, will be confirmed in the glorious rank of Sub-Lieutenant; he will now receive 5*s.* a day, and should require but slight financial assistance from home. To make his son a Naval Officer will cost the father a sum not far short of £1,000.

We are supposing that our young officer has chosen the Executive branch: he now bids good-bye to his chums, who are attaching themselves to the Engineer branch or the Royal Marines, and is sent to sea for two years, at the expiration of which period he becomes a Junior and subsequently a Senior Lieutenant, provided, of course, he gains his qualifying watch-keeping certificate.

The pay of a Lieutenant varies from 10*s.* to 14*s.* a day, with allowances, torpedo, gunnery and navigation specialists receiving more than those who do not take the special courses at Greenwich, or on H.M.S. *Vernon* and H.M.S. *Excellent*, the torpedo and gunnery schools.

"No. 1"—as the Senior Lieutenant on a big ship is called—is a most important person, in whom is vested considerable responsibility.

As Lieutenant-Commander of a gunboat or torpedo craft, he is monarch in his little realm.

He must be daring and resourceful, but not reckless, for he will be court-martialled if his vessel is damaged in any way.

To become a Commander, the next "step," the Lieutenant will have to pass an examination in court-martial procedure, international law, knowledge of British and foreign warships, guns and torpedoes, naval history, signals, strategy, tactics and battle formations; and unless he attains this rank before he is forty-five he will be pensioned off with a maximum allowance of £300 a year.

A Commander receives from 20*s.* to 22*s.* a day, with allowances.

He may captain a small cruiser, or if second in command of a battleship or large cruiser, he will be

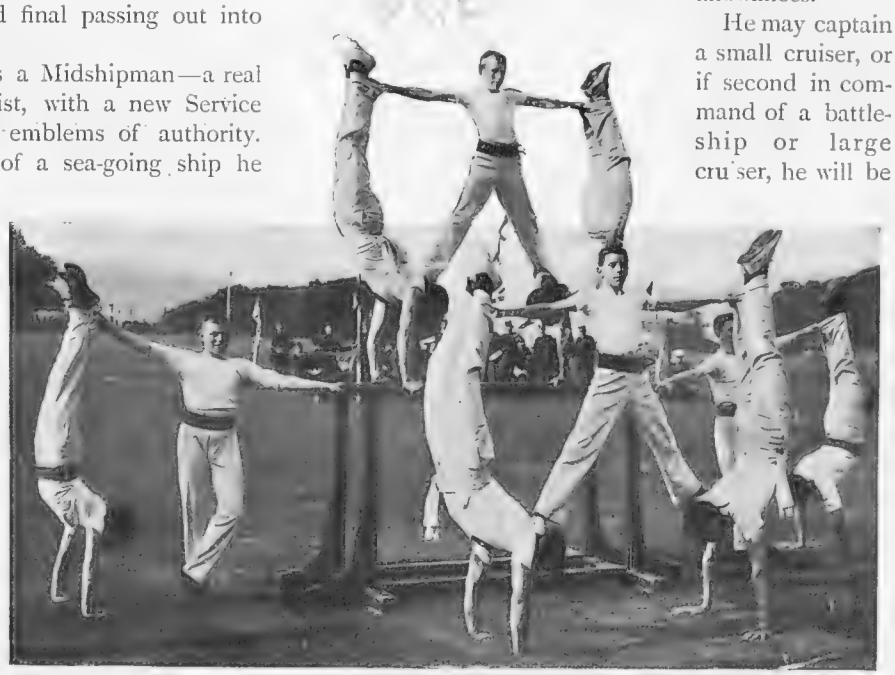


Photo by *W. M. Crockett*

Out-Door Gymnastics

Photo by *Cribb*

Rope Splicing Drill

responsible for the order, routine, and cleanliness of the ship, and for the discipline of the officers and crew.

Promotion to the rank of Captain is made by selection. He will receive from £1 2*s.* 6*d.* to £2 5*s.* a day, and will be placed in charge of a ship or else will act as a Flag-Captain to an Admiral. Retirement is compulsory at fifty-five, and the pension is from £600 to £900 a year.

A Rear-Admiral receives £3 a day.

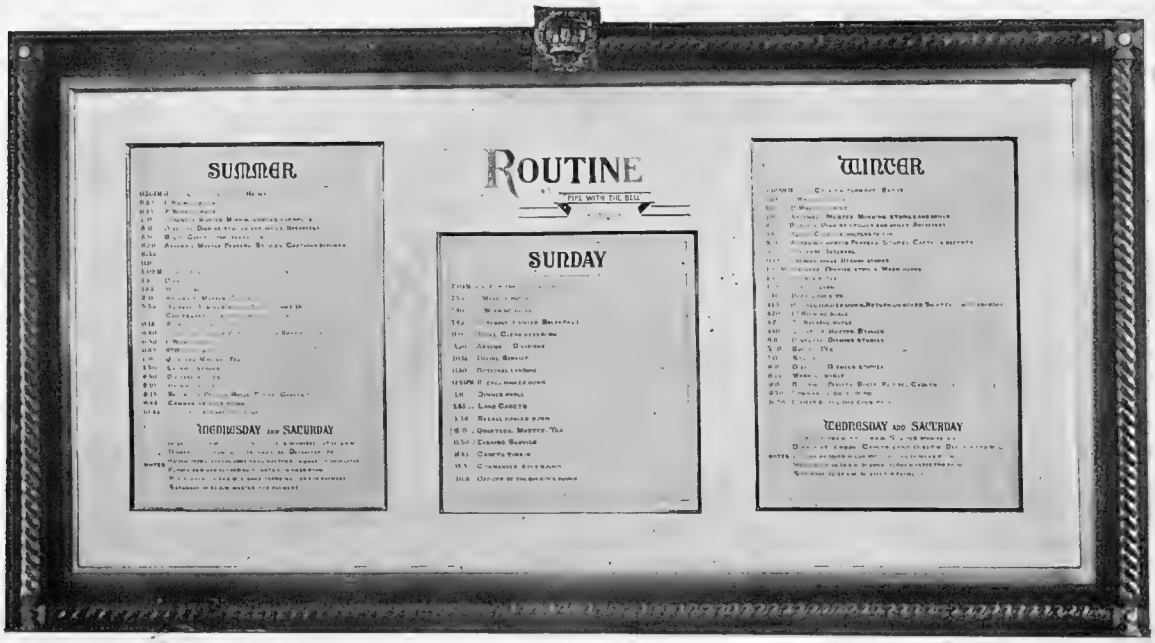
A Vice-Admiral, the next step, gets £4. He would have charge of the more important stations, while a full Admiral (£5 a day) comes in for the highest places in the Service.

An Admiral of the Fleet receives £6 a day.

Of every thousand cadets but a small percentage attain to Flag rank, most being retired before they can reach the coveted position.

The King's Navy, however, will never want for officers. To serve His Majesty on the ships which sail the Seven Seas is the ambition of many a youngster scarce out of the nursery, and there will always be a supply of

> ". . . . Sailor men
> To sail upon the Seas,
> To fight the Wars and keep the Laws,
> And live on Yellow peas."



THE RECREATION GROUND

By ALLEN INGLIS

WHETHER Phœbus has lost another son or has had his attention diverted (as is his way) by the superior beauties of some other country I cannot venture to say, but certain it is that for nearly a fortnight he has hardly shown his face in this part of the world. Possibly Diana has been complaining to him about the electric light. Anyhow, I hope Jupiter will use his persuasion as soon as possible, for it is high time the god resumed his duties.

Nowhere is he more needed than in this carefully planned recreation ground. I have just entered by an iron gate, bearing a placard threatening me with dire penalties in the event of my damaging the shrubs. The shrubs themselves have the protection, besides that of a half-inch coating of grime, of a three-foot fence (which is considerably taller than themselves) on which another placard invites "Ratepayers and Public to Defend their Own Property." This sets me in a glow of pride that almost counteracts the east wind. I wander along an asphalt path, bounded on either side by a row of dispirited trees leaning impotently against cheerless poles, and on the other by the shrubs aforesaid and the iron railings of the street. Outside, a forbidding-looking church, flanked by a graveyard, frowns over the railings and across an expanse of fragmentary grass at a corrugated iron chapel opposite. The skeleton of an iron bandstand, from which even the grass has retreated in horror, completes the picture.

After a stroll round I sit down on an iron seat. To one of its iron arms some children have attached a skipping-rope, over which one of them, a sober little creature of an untidy flannel lingerie, is performing praiseworthy feats to the accompaniment of symbolic mutterings from her senior. Occasionally the latter desists from a prayer of "Mustard" or "Pepper" to rebuke in loud tones a toddling infant in a blue velvet jockey-cap—looking rather like Tod Sloan in embryo—whom no threats seem to have the power to deter from his occupation of falling down and hurting himself. I turn my attention towards the bandstand, at which a party of boys are throwing stones, fleeing now and again from the pursuing sallies of the keeper, a morose-looking man who lives in a green box in the middle of the waste in the solitary company of a trade almanac.

"Pity the pore little children; give 'em fresh air!"

I look up. Standing on the path before me, surveying the skipping children, is a middle-aged man in a discoloured serge suit. His waistcoat is open, displaying an expanse of dirty dress shirt. A black satin tie hangs loosely round his neck, while in his hand he holds a linen collar.

The children promptly stop their game.

"Go on enjoyin' of yourselves," he says, and turns to Tod Sloan, who sidles suspiciously towards the skirts of the elder girl. "D'you know wot I am? I'm a phlanthropist."

Tod Sloan seems by no means reassured.

"Wot's a phlanthropist? you ask," continues the newcomer rhetorically. "A phlanthropist's a—a man like me. I'm a phlanthropist."

He turns to the elder girl.

"Turn the rope," he says, "and I'll 'ave a skip with yer," and he advances towards the rope, with the result that before the girl can set it in motion (if she has any such intention) his feet become entangled in it, and he sits down heavily on the asphalt. He rises with difficulty, and picks up the linen collar.

"Drink in the buful trees an' flars," he observes. "Roll on the grorss. Take orf yer collars an' snuff the air. You ain't got long to be boys."

The children regard him with open-mouthed apprehension.

"And girls," he adds, after a pause. "I was one myself once—a boy."

The children remain stationary.

"There warn't no children's pawks in my day," he observes, with his eye on Tod Sloan again. "I'm older'n wot you are."

Suddenly he sees me.

"November the first my birthday is," he informs me. I assure him that I will make a note of it. He seats himself beside me.

"Give the children fresh air's wot I say," he states. "I'm a phlanthropist."

I express my admiration. The children resume their skipping.

"Send 'em inter the country't my expense," he continues, waving his collar munificently. "I give yer cort blornch. D'yer think I cawn't do it? 'Ow's that?"

He produces a handful of money.

"Earned by the sweatermebrow," he observes. "Take it."

I have to demur at this.

"You're their fawther, ain't yer?" he demands; and on my disclaiming any such relationship, "If you assure me you're tellin' the truth," he says generously, "I'll take your word fer it. I'm a phlanthropist."

I could have preferred a rather less qualified assurance than this, but he has already pocketed his money and continued.

"Football," he remarks disconnectedly. "Many's the time I've played it up at the old school. (*You* know—up there.) We was playin' it all day long once. In the rain. We weren't arf soaked through after the first three hours."

"What must you have been like," I suggest, "by half-time."

"'Appy days," he murmurs musingly. "Skippin'. I've done lots of it. Me an' my wife. She was twelve years old then. 'Fore we were married that was. She don't do no skippin' now. Thirteen stone an' varicose veins. Dear, dear. You oughter see 'er legs, guv'nor."

Suddenly he rises, and, leaving his collar on the

seat, approaches Tod Sloan, who is seated on the asphalt meditatively sucking a chubby finger.

"Snuff the air," he observes. "Pick the buful flars. Climb the trees, my young rascals."

Tod Sloan, without removing his finger, regards him fearfully.

"Go orn," urges the philanthropist. "Climb the trees an' enjoy yourself."

Tod Sloan's features threaten instant tears.

"Come 'ere, Elfred," calls the elder girl, stopping her skipping. The philanthropist steps up to the child and lifts him from the ground.

The tear storm bursts.

"Woddyer cryin' for?" demands the philanthropist. "Climb the trees. Go orn—up yer go!"

He lifts the screaming Tod Sloan up the wire-encased trunk of one of the dispiritedl-ooking trees.

"Go orn—swarm up it!" he urges. "Enjoy yerself, yer young rascal. Bird-nestin'. Not 'arf!"

"You leave my brother alone!" cries the elder of the girls shrilly.

The philanthropist lowers his burden to the ground.

"That ain't enjoying of yerself," he says, reproachfully.

Tod Sloan, loud-voiced, has fled for refuge again to his sister. Meanwhile, the group has been joined by a grubby little man in a squash hat, who now puts in his word.

"Boy ain't done *you* no 'arm, 'as 'e?" he demands. "Why can't yer leave 'im alone?"

The philanthropist regards him affably.

"Let the children enjoy 'emselves," he observes. "Let 'em snuff the air an' climb the trees. Let 'em pick the flars."

Squash Hat surveys him for a moment or two.

"They ain't allowed to pick the flowers," he says eventually.

"Well, then, I'll pick the flars for 'em," returns the philanthropist cheerfully, and approaches the iron fence.

"You ain't goin' ter pick no flowers," says the other firmly.

"'Oo's a goin' ter stop me?" queries the philanthropist, with one leg over the fence.

"I am," returns the other, and points to the notice-board. "I'm a ratepayer. I'm goin' to defend my own property."

"Flars ain't nobody's property," states the philanthropist.

"The flowers belong to the London County Council," declares the other. (I can't altogether agree with this. For one thing, there aren't any flowers.)

"Flars," retorts the philanthropist, still astride on the fence, "is nature. The London County Council ain't got nothin' ter do with nature." (I can't altogether agree with this either. I wish they hadn't.)

The philanthropist has stumbled over to the other side of the fence. The ratepayer takes a step towards him, then thinks better of it, and halloos loudly for the keeper.

"Flars fer the pore little children," observes the philanthropist, making as though to uproot a particularly grimy and stunted shrub. "Got a knife, mister?"

The keeper draws near.

"Here, come out o' that!" he calls, authoritatively.

The philanthropist rises erect.

"Enjoy yerself!" he observes, eloquently. "Take orf yer collar an' snuff the air."

"You come out o' that," repeats the keeper, moving towards him.

The philanthropist climbs back over the fence and clears his throat.

"Flars is nature," he observes.

"Come on, you get off," says the keeper.

"Everything's nature," continues the philanthropist. "We're orl children o' nature. *You're* a child o' nature."

The Philanthropist Regards Him Affably

This seems to exasperate the keeper very much. He pushes the philanthropist by the shoulder.

"We don't want any nature 'ere"—(I can believe this)—"you nature off outside, or you'll get some nature. Nature, indeed! Nature!"

He drives the philanthropist, who manages to grab his collar from the seat as he passes off towards the entrance. The grubby ratepayer turns away in the other direction, and stumbling over the skipping-rope, which the children have already extended again, cuffs Tod Sloan's head, and departs along the asphalt path. Tod Sloan is again in tears. I rise and make my way towards the iron gates.

Bridge : By Problematicus

BRIDGE has already established its position so firmly amongst us as a recreation of the worker and a pastime of the leisured that it demands recognition as an important factor in the social life of to-day. You may abuse it if you will as a destroyer of conversation, or praise it as an interrupter of scandal, but in either case you admit its importance, and there is no need to make excuses for devoting a page to it.

It is proposed to make this page not only of use to the Bridge player, but also of service, if possible, to the game itself. For the player there will be problems, and those who have never tried it will be surprised and pleased to find how much working out problems improves their play, and strengthens their grasp of the game. The problems, moreover, will be of sufficient difficulty to try the ingenuity of the expert without being beyond the powers of the beginner. With regard to the game itself, at present, in spite of the many admirable treatises which deal with it at such length, there are questions, and important questions, still open; and I shall be grateful to any of my readers who will let me have the results of their experience on them gained from their daily play.

Such doubtful questions are the original lead of a strengthening card from a short suit in preference to opening a long suit, the lead of a Singleton, and, above all, the matter of the Heart Convention. It seems likely that the Singleton lead and strengthening card lead will always be left open questions : that is, it will be left to the judgment of the individual player to follow which course seems good to him in the case of any given hand.

THE HEART CONVENTION

But the matter of establishing a conventional lead when the Leader's partner has doubled no-trumps is quite different; and the sooner a uniformity of practice is established the better. At present the majority of English players follow the convention of leading the highest of the shortest suit; but an important minority of excellent players follow the convention of leading a heart. On the Continent the Heart Convention is the rule; and that is rather against it, for in such matters English opinion is apt to be sounder than foreign. America, again, is divided in opinion and practice on the matter; but it is probable that the Continent will in the end adopt the Heart Convention, because it prefers exactitude and the elimination of doubt. The Colonies, waiting doubtless for the pronouncement of Mr. Seddon, have also to make up their minds on the matter.

The defenders of the Heart Convention assert that it leaves little to chance, and makes the double a practical certainty. Its opponents assert that by making the opportunities of doubling fewer it cramps the game and deprives those who follow that convention of many chances of winning or saving it. The defenders of the Highest of Short Suit Convention assert that under it you can double four times to every once under the Heart Convention, and that it is an even chance that the Leader's shortest, weakest suit is the Doubler's strongest and longest. Its opponents contradict both of these contentions, asserting that at the most you can only double three times to the Heart Convention's once, and that the Leader's weakest suit is not the Doubler's strongest suit about three times out of five.

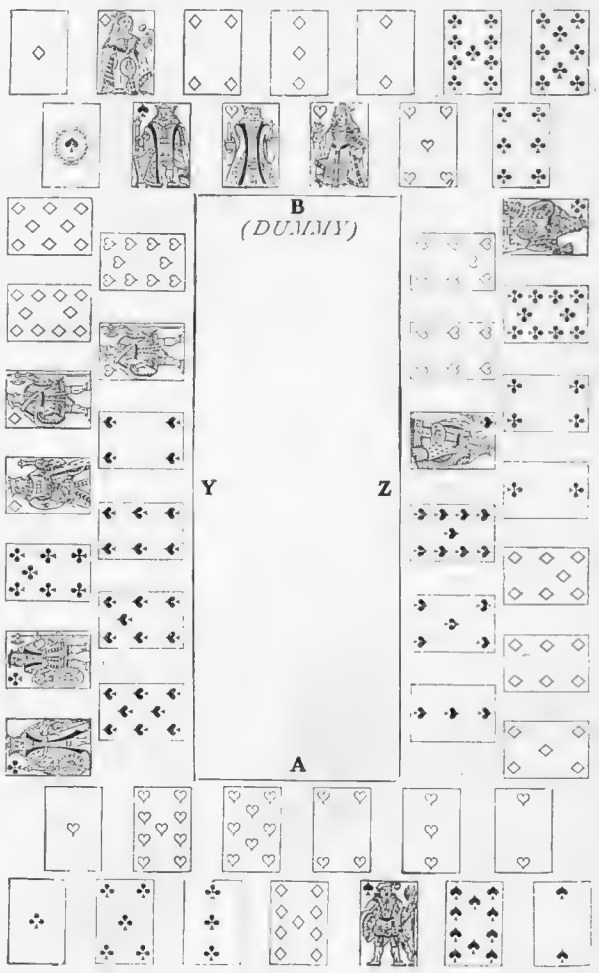
What is wanted, for it would at least be helpful, is a body of evidence derived from practical experience, chiefly on these two points :—

(1) The followers of the Heart Convention should observe how often it enables them to double no-trumps as compared with how often it prevents them from actually saving or winning the game by doubling on the Short Suit Convention.

(2) The followers of the Short Suit Convention should observe how often the Leader's short suit is the Doubler's strong suit as compared with how often it is not.

I should be very happy to tabulate the results of my readers' practical experience.

PROBLEM I.



A deals and declares Hearts.
A B make the Grand Slam.

A solution of this Problem will be given next week.

[All Communications should be addressed to the Bridge Editor of THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, London, E.C.]

Photo by *Bowden*

Lord Zetland's Hunt—Off to the Draw

BY FIELD, STREAM, & COVERT

Prefatory

INTRODUCTIONS are always rather awkward things to write; and when one sits down to comply with the injunction to stand by and make note of the principal topics of sport and recreation it is with fear and trembling lest a stubborn quill and a sparse vocabulary should expose the first paragraph to censure. For sporting writers are prone to be regrettably colloquial. There is, for instance, a maxim as to the advisability of dispensing with superfluous conversation in approaching equine subjects which would have been singularly appropriate at the present juncture. But though the verb and substantive for which this liberal paraphrase must serve are undoubtedly of Celtic and Danish origin, it is equally certain that the expression is inelegant, if not absolute slang.

The Demand for Hunters

So we come forthwith to the horses, as to which a burning question is ready to hand. Never have good hunters been so hard to buy as they are just now. From the patriotic point of view it is, of course, satisfactory that there is plenty of money forthcoming, while the high prices realised by quite unsound animals point to a laudable anxiety on the part of young England to be well to the fore when hounds run. Still, if the difficulty of filling up gaps in the stable caused by casualties is due to an actual dearth of material, prompt steps ought to be taken to extend the breeding of hunting stock. The fact that a new Society is being formed by some practical hunting men for keeping brood mares in the country is sufficient evidence of solicitude existing on this score. It is pitiful to think of the number of young sound mares that are drafted by large horse-owning firms and shipped off to the Continent at inconsiderable prices.

The Cause of Dearth

THERE are, however, other possible explanations of the scarcity of good hunters which should not be ignored, one being purely fortuitous and no more than the deficiency of game this season, wherefore many shooting men have resumed after interruption or increased their patronage of the hunting-field. Whether the aggregate of fields throughout the United Kingdom is in reality in excess of that of, say, ten years ago is open to doubt, the congestion of the "smart" countries being probably balanced by provincial shrinkage. Hunting, however, is unquestionably as fashionable as ever, so that a new race of hunting-men has arisen, who, blessed with boundless wealth, keep three times as many horses as they require for their work. Also, of course, the heavy state of the land has played havoc with horses. A week or so ago one Master of Hounds had no less than nine horses badly lamed, nor could he find new purchases to fill their places, in spite of assiduous attendance at Messrs. Tattersall's and elsewhere on non-hunting days.

Photo by *Bowden*

The Marquis of Zetland and Mr. Herbert Straker (Hon. Sec.)

Photo by *Bowden*

Lord Zetland's Hunt—At Toy Top Covert Side

Tattersall's

THE name of the Albert Gate firm recalls an incident in journalistic history, for mention of which the writer craves leave for digression. It is possible that comparatively few who peruse the intelligence of the universe and the *Beau Monde* in the *Morning Post* are aware that a little less than a century ago that influential organ was in the hands of the Mr. Tattersall of those days, the founder of the business, while the editor was a clergyman, the Rev. Bate Dudley. On the latter's secession, Mr. Bengefield, an officer of some position, was appointed editor, to meet whose views a change of politics was effected, though it appears that the alteration was to some extent made to accommodate Mr. Fox and his friends. Mr. Tattersall's retirement from journalism was caused by rather unique circumstances. The personalities of the new editor proved far from acceptable in high places, and at length a very exalted personage sent his confidential clerk to approach Mr. Bengefield with an offer of £300 a year conditionally on laying down his pen forthwith. The bargain was concluded promptly enough, and was shortly followed by the transference of the *Morning Post* to a new proprietor.

The Quorn

THOUGH sport could hardly be altogether absent under the circumstances, scent was not so good in Leicestershire at the beginning of the season as might have been expected. Indeed up to about ten days ago little had been done beyond little flutters that are not to be dignified by the name of a run. The Quorn broke the spell of commonplace by a capital gallop from Adam's Gorse, which came off after rather a disappointing morning at Lowesby. If Bishopp was unlucky in not handling his fox in the end he showed great ability in getting hounds quickly out of covert at a moment where the least hesitation would have been fatal. Later in the day another gallop emanated from Gartree Hill, and this time the huntsman was even more successful, as the hounds killed their fox at Little Dalby. Certainly the Quorn prospects are improving; for some seasons past sport has been sadly handicapped by short-running foxes, but Bishopp seems to be instilling into them a wider knowledge of geography.

Belvoir and Cottesmore

THAT the Belvoir and Cottesmore are having their fair share of the good things of the season is a matter of course, though with the former pack the absence of Sir Gilbert Greenall through illness from the fixtures of November has caused the deepest concern. On the Melton side of their country the Belvoir have been distinctly unlucky in respect of the weather, while in the Lincolnshire district scent has been of a fitful nature. The Cottesmore have, for a wonder, had

Photo by *Bowden*

Lord Zetland's Hunt—Meet in Redworth Park

several disappointing days ; though that the huntsman retains all his dash and keenness has been proved again and again, notably when hounds were at Knossington about ten days ago. The field was on that occasion estimated at 500 or so, while every coign of vantage for miles around was occupied by vedettes of skirters, and pedestrians, not as a rule without dogs, hampered proceedings on every side. Yet Thatcher brought off a good day's sport.

Mr. Fernie's and Pytchley

Both Mr. Fernie's and the Pytchley packs took some little time to settle down into the regular sequence of sport which the brothers Isaac are wont to provide in these contiguous countries. It was on the last Wednesday in November that John Isaac hunted a fox in the most brilliant style from Crick into the North Warwickshire country and thence back to Yelvertoft, where hounds killed their fox after a two hours' run. On the succeeding day Charles Isaac was seen to equal advantage, when Mr. Fernie's Hounds invaded the Quorn territory by Beeby and Keyham, though at last he had to own himself beaten near the Coplow, while twenty-four hours later the same pack had excellent sport in their home country, the evening galop from Othorpe being particularly fine. Of the Woodland Pytchley one is apt to hear but little during the earlier portion of the season, as matters in the large coverts always improve when foxes have been thoroughly hustled and scattered. The huntsman Dawson, however, continues to earn golden opinions. Rumour has it that the young hounds by the Woodland Pytchley Peterborough winner, Gaylad, are showing exceptional promise.

The Marquis of Zetland's Hounds

If a beautiful pack of hounds, managed on the most liberal scale, a fine wild country well stocked with foxes, and a Master who from every standpoint must be acknowledged as the right man in the right place, constitute the sum of good fortune in affairs venatic, the members of the old Raby Hunt, by which title Lord Zetland's country originally rose to fame, are indeed blessed above their fellows. Though fox-hunting in the North is assuredly

Photo by *Bowden*

Lord Londonderry and Lord Zetland

in no less thriving a condition than formerly, yet the crowds which flock forth from the great industrial centres have of late provoked some little uneasiness, in the Bramham Moor Hunt, for example, where drastic measures have been adopted with the utmost reluctance. Lord Zetland's Hunt, however, though invariably well attended, still retains many of the feudal characteristics of bygone days, a happy result to which the cordial support of Lord Londonderry, a large landowner in the district, has contributed not a little. Lord Zetland is a constant exhibitor at Peterborough Hound Show, where the power and scope of the representatives of the Aske Kennel have always been favourably noted by the critics, though as yet leading honours have not fallen to his lot.

The Warwickshire

From Peterborough to the Warwickshire hounds is a natural transition. Last July, it will be remembered by those concerned, the burly form of the Warwickshire huntsman was decked with fewer yards of red and blue ribbons than has been the case for some years. It is pleasant to hear that the retrograde movement as regards the

Photo by *M. Dixon*

The Warwickshire Hunt—In Midford Lane

Photo by *M. Dixon*

The Warwickshire Hunt—The Marquis of Hertford

show-ring is not noticeable in the performances of the Warwickshire pack in the field; indeed, the unremitting efforts of Lord Willoughby de Broke to keep up the traditions of smartness in work have been rewarded in full measure by a sequence of good runs. The second visit of the season to Shuckburgh furnished a fine run over the Grafton and Bicester domains of 1 hour 35 minutes, culminating in the death of a stout fox at Dane Hole, while only two days before hounds had put an equally brilliant finish to a run from Wolford Wood across the Heythrop and North Cotswold boundaries to Sezincote Warren, the time being 2 hours 35 minutes. Simultaneously with this latter run a very different kind of hunt was proceeding at Chesterton, a few miles from the Warwickshire kennels, where the Bloodhound Association Field Trials were held with a fair measure of success.

Flat Racing Season

It would be difficult to conceive circumstances more melancholy than those under which the flat-racing season of 1903 was concluded. The loss which had been sustained by the deaths of Prince Soltykoff and Sir John Blundell Maple had cast a sufficient gloom over the closing days, but the last few hours were destined to accentuate the depression by means of the execrable weather and the fiasco in sending off the horses for the big race.

Photo by *M. Dixon*

The Warwickshire Huntsman

The Jockey Club have now plenty of leisure before them, and it is to be hoped that before the end of next March they may have come to some definite decision as regards the starting-gate. The only consolation for the failure of the start was that Switch Cap's victory was evidently no chance affair. The statistics of the season are so recent as to need but little comment, though it is only fair to mention that on the whole the conduct of the jockeys has been a distinct improvement on previous years. As to the apportionment of the spoils it is gratifying to see so many good sportsmen headed by Sir James Miller at the top of the winning owner's list; in fact, of the winners of £500 and upwards. The most censorious critic could hardly take exception to more than one name.

Steeplechasing

From the rapid succession with which one steeplechase follows another, the uninitiated might almost be led to believe that the sport commands a wide and constant popularity. Truth to tell, however, many of these meetings are but sorry affairs, and until the Spring months arrive, when other pastimes no longer possess superior attractions, little interest is taken in them, save by a certain coterie. It would be hard to suggest means by which the general disregard of steeplechase meeting could be averted, for, if names go for anything, the National Hunt Committee, as a body, leave little to be desired. It is doubtless the system on which the sport is conducted rather than the sport itself which is unpopular.

The Cold Snap

Alas for the vagaries of the British climate. Before these Notes appear, it is to be feared that Jack Frost, who has made his appearance, will have locked the country in his iron grasp. Already there are dismal accounts of the weather from all parts of England. Snowstorms and a low thermometer will have played havoc with the sport of hunting, leaving the devotees but one topic of discussion, "How long will the cold snap continue?"

Photo by *W. J. Edwards*

Six Miles of Trout Stream in 104 acres

An Artificial Trout Stream

Quite the most wonderful and unique trout stream in the world is at Sandaski, Ohio, U.S.A. In 104 acres of ground, no less than six miles of most excellent trout fishing have been made by the Castalia Trout Club, composed of a number of American gentlemen who are ardent devotees of Izaac Walton, and who fish in this tortuous stream for specimens of the speckled tribe with which it has been thoroughly stocked. The club maintains its own hatchery, and the stream winds through the State spanned by dainty little foot-bridges, and affords first-class sport.

L. J. B.

GOLF. NOTES AND NOTIONS

Position and Prosperity of the Game

Some years ago I can remember hearing people exclaim, when the duration of the golfing boom was mooted, "Oh, it will pass off like the cycling craze, and some other fad will take its place." But it has not passed off, and the other fad has not yet been invented. If I declare that at the present moment golf as a sport is weekly, nay, daily, increasing its hold on all and sundry, I shall lay myself open to the threat of some modern Charles Lamb calling loudly for a candle wherewith to examine the bumps on my head.

Golf Twenty-five Years Ago

Naturally, as a devout worshipper of the game, its strong position to-day does not astonish me. I am speaking, of course, of its hold in the South, for in Scotland, the land of its birth, it has been the game of all classes from practically immemorial times. But when first I was initiated into the tantalising, exasperating, but always fascinating, mysteries of the game more than twenty-five years ago, there were very few places in England where the game could be played. English links then could be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Blackheath, Westward-Ho, Hoylake and Wimbledon were practically the only courses where the sacred lamp of golf was kept burning. But even on these few links it was mostly Scottish exiles rather than Englishmen who played. In my opinion the foundation of the Oxford and Cambridge Golf Clubs, and the institution, in 1878, of the inter-'Varsity Golf Match, were the main causes of the great southern development.

Golf at the 'Varsities in the 'Seventies

The Golf Club at Cambridge was started by my old friend Mr. W. T. Linskill, and it was principally owing to his energy and enthusiasm that the inter-'Varsity match was instituted. Mr. Linskill had learned the game at St. Andrews, and on going up to Cambridge determined to become "a missionary of golfing empire." When I came up to Cambridge in '79 the club was already in a fairly strong position. Our links at Coldham Common, on the road to Newmarket, could not be described by the most devoted partisan as an ideal course. It speaks volumes for the inherent qualities of the game that on a sticky clay soil, on a badly drained common, with poor greens and bad lies through the course, it flourished and gradually appealed to ever-widening circles of undergraduates. I believe the conditions at Oxford were somewhat similar. Doubtless Mr. Horace Hutchinson had a hand in it, but whether he was the Oxford counterpart of Mr. Linskill I cannot say. In any case the Oxford players had much the same difficulties to fight as the Cantabs, yet in spite of all adverse circumstances the 'Varsity contest became an annual fixture and has remained one ever since.

Two Fathers of the Game in England

Now I am convinced that the introduction of golf at the two Universities did more for golf in England than even the foundation of the various English pioneer clubs mentioned above. In these, as I have said, the Scottish element vastly predominated, and their courses were really rather Scottish golfing bases in England than English links. But the moment the good seed was sown at the Universities and fructified, the spread of the game was assured. I have, therefore, always looked on Mr. Linskill and his fellow Oxford enthusiast as, in a sense, the fathers of the game in England.

A 'Varsity Match in 1882

I can remember, as if it were yesterday, the 'Varsity match of 1882 and our Cambridge team, *quorum pars parva fui*. The match was then played at Wimbledon, under the auspices of the Royal Wimbledon Club, each team consisting of six players. I remember we drove from King's Cross to Wimbledon on a coach-and-four, which our genial leader, Mr Linskill, had hired for us, and as we drove through Hyde Park in the morning I have no doubt the passers-by wondered who that riotous band of young men might be, and what in the world they intended to do with those strange and murderous-looking weapons that peeped out of their golfing-bags. We had no much hope of victory, for had not Oxford got as its captain the redoubtable Mr. Horace Hutchinson, whose name was already famous, and against whom we could only pit our best man, Mr. Welsh, good player though he was, in fear and trembling?

An Exciting Finish

As the last couple were coming in the Cambridge side were one up, and it may be imagined how anxiously we watched that last couple coming in. Both players were hardly past the apprentice stage of the game, and were extremely nervous, and heaven knows what strange forms of golf had been witnessed by their caddies during the round. But going to this last hole they were all square, and both got on the green in the same number of strokes. The result of the whole match became a question of the last putt. Our player had missed holing a six-foot putt and the Oxonian had a little three-foot putt to hole in order to win the individual match and square the greater one. It reminded me of the old Scottish player who under similar circumstances commanded his caddie in loud tones to "stand by." "Why?" ejaculated the astonished caddie. "To kick me if I miss the putt" was his master's rejoinder. In the Oxonian's case the caddie would have had to kick, and so we won the match of 1882 by one hole, and careered back to King's Cross on our coach chanting wild songs of victory.

E. L.

Drawn by *C. Fleming Williams*

The Fair Enthusiast

WOMAN'S PASTIMES

Hockey

SELDOM did a hockey season open under less favourable circumstances than happened this year. Blank despair and disappointment began to fill the hearts of the athletic daughters of England as the weeks of October slipped past one after the other amidst incessant rain; and the majority of clubs began to face the possibility of having to play their first match without even a preliminary practice.

With the close of November, however, we find a very different state of affairs.

Weather is disregarded, club matches in full swing, county teams are chosen, and the increasing popularity of the game amongst ladies surely never more apparent.

The International Match with Ireland is fixed for March 10th, at Dublin.

Teams Under Consideration

THE teams for North, South, Midlands and West are all under consideration as yet. The North, who play their first match with the West at Cheltenham on December 8th, held two trial matches last week, one at Ripon, the other at Kensal. It is the first year on which they have had a trial match so far north as Ripon, and it was organised with the intention of encouraging the ladies of Northumberland, Cumberland, and Durham, to make more effort to represent their counties on the team.

Hitherto the Northern XI. has been entirely represented by the three remaining counties, and it was thought that the distance to attend the trial matches was the chief reason. The experiment, however, was scarcely a success, for there were so few competitors that the teams were mostly composed of hastily selected players from clubs near at hand, and the game was of such a wild and disorganised description that the selection committee were more bewildered than enlightened at its close.

County Matches

OF the county matches about half a dozen have taken place since the first one on November 14th, between Notts and Northants.

This was a most exciting game to watch, as the play from first to last was exceedingly good. The Notts forward line was particularly noticeable, both for its smart passes and the brilliancy of its shooting; but the victory by 6 goals to 4 was by no means an easy one, as the Northants ladies possess this year a decidedly strong eleven.

The Leicestershire *v.* Staffordshire match was played under most adverse circumstances on Nov. 12th, at Wolverhampton, the ground being absolutely unfit for play.

The only northern match that has yet taken place was Northumberland *v.* Yorkshire, at Newcastle. Result: A draw, 1 goal all. This match throughout was a hard fight, Mrs. Pickering, as right back for Yorks, playing in faultless style.

The Ladies' Kennel Association

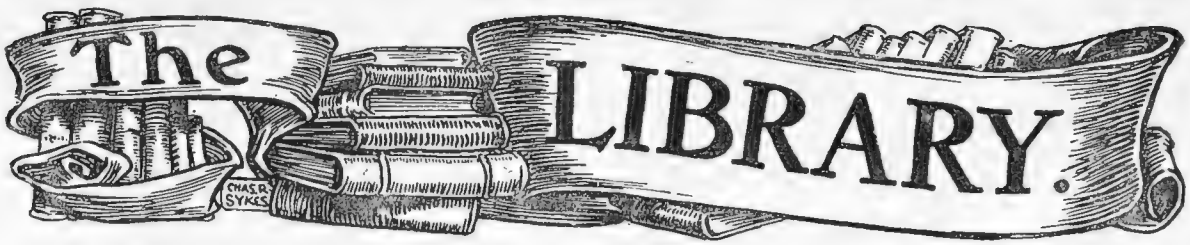
NEXT month should see the launching of the bark of the new Ladies' Kennel Association—a vessel somewhat storm-tossed under the former management, and if the pluck and steady endurance of those ladies who now form the Committee cannot ensure the immediate success they deserve, they should go far towards doing so. On January 1st, 1904, it is hoped the new L.K.A. will rise Phœnix-like; at least, it has been in enough hot water this year to warrant a warm simile. The new committee is under the patronage of Queen Alexandra and the Duchess of Connaught; the Countess of Aberdeen is the President, and with her is a body of fifteen ladies, all recognised leaders of the dog-showing community.

Golf

GOLFERS in the United Kingdom will read with pride the honour that has been bestowed upon our Lady Champion, Miss Rhona Adair. This victorious Irish girl has just been created a "Daughter of the Empire" in America, where she has broken the record on each course on which she has played. It is pleasant to think that the international golf links of fellowship are strengthened by an Irishwoman's wearing of the greens. Scotland will be the scene of the next year's Ladies' Championship, and Scottish lady golfers will not need to be reminded that then is their chance to recapture the Championship for the country north of the Tweed. May 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th are the days, and Troon is the place, and many will be the competitors gathered together. Scotland has not held the Championship since 1898, for the cup left Scotland that year, and has not since crossed the Border. It was in 1897 that Scottish golfers won the chief honour, when the meeting was at Gullane. There was a wonderful entry of fifty-five English, thirty-seven Scottish, and ten Irish ladies, and Miss Orr won.

Skating

THE re-opening of Prince's Skating Club, under its new auspices of a Duchess-proprietor, was an event of promise, and this has been well fulfilled. The Duchess of Bedford has purchased the whole place, buildings, ice-making machinery and plant, etc., and intends to carry on Prince's even more attractively than was done in the time of the late Admiral Maxse, who devoted much time and interest to it. At the head of the list of Prince's members is Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, and upon the Committee are the Duchess of Bedford, Princess Henry of Pless, Countess Torby, the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Falmouth, Lady Wenlock, Lady Cooke, Lady Ribblesdale, Mrs. Asquith, Lady Granby, Lady Helen Vincent, Lady Carrington, and other well-known people. The Duchess of Bedford is a very keen skater, and was the chief supporter of the many fancy-dress *fêtes* held last season. The Club is open from 3 till 7, and on week-days from 9 till 1 and 3 till 7.



The Third Peak of the World

"Round Kangchenjunga," By Douglas W. Freshfield. (London: Edward Arnold. 1903.)

It is a frequent complaint among mountaineers that the Alps are becoming overrun with tourists whose ambitions as regards mountain climbing exceed their ability, and for whose benefit the rough places are made smooth and chains and other conveniences provided on the more difficult ascents. But it is well for the science of geography that this is the case, since the thoughts of the more experienced turn with greater readiness to the unexplored ranges of other continents. The result is a book such as Mr. Freshfield's new work, "Round Kangchenjunga." This giant of the Eastern Himalayas, which lies due north of Darjiling, is the third in height of the measured mountains of the world, a vast mass of grey granite and ice, and Mr. Freshfield is the first European who has succeeded in putting a girdle round its mighty bulk, a girdle which occupied seven weeks in the weaving. It is a coincidence that at the moment when a British expedition is setting out for Tibet, two books should make their appearance dealing respectively with the northern and southern frontiers of that mysterious land; the difference between the ranges on the northern and southern borders is striking—the loftiness of the peaks on the north is dwarfed by the high altitude of the desolate plain from which they rise; while on the south the magnificence of the snowy heights is enhanced by the luxuriant sub-tropical vegetation which clothes their lower spurs. In the earlier part of his book the author gives a short sketch of the recent political history of Sikhim, in which he shows that even the Tibetans are not free from the desire, common to every nation, of extending their borders, and he is inclined to think that British policy in that region has been marked by a generosity which the Tibetans, like many other barbarians and most savages, have interpreted as weakness. It is interesting to note the remedy which he proposes:—

> The position of the Indian Government seems technically clear. It can claim the fulfilment of the terms of the last treaty. They will be fulfilled as soon as we can convince the rulers of Lhasa and the Chinese Government that we are in earnest, but not before. To produce this conviction we shall probably have to suggest that non-compliance may be followed by serious consequences, as, for example, the annexation of the Chumbi Valley.

However, Mr. Freshfield does not claim to be writing a political work, and this is by way of introduction to the account of his journey. His company consisted of some fifty coolies, "long-haired, lean Lepchas from the villages of the Teesta Valley, stout-limbed, broad-faced Bhutias from the Darjiling Bazaar, Tibetans from Lacheu itself." And it is round the coolies themselves that the difficulties of travel in this region seem to centre; they have a rooted objection to rising early, are recklessly improvident as regards the equipment served out to them, frequently throw away the boots and snow-spectacles with which they are provided, and use their load-frames as firewood, and, what is perhaps their most annoying trait, are confirmed malingerers.

Only the Gurkhas who accompanied the expedition proved themselves men worthy of the name, but they were all that could be desired.

On nearing Kangchenjunga the author experienced a piece of very bad fortune—perhaps he had omitted to propitiate the "fearful and hungry spirit riding on a white lion," which Lamaist fancy pictures as the guardian angel of the mountain, but whatever the cause might be, his camp on the Zernu glacier was nearly buried by a tremendous fall of snow, which not only doubled the difficulties of the journey, but prevented him even from attempting to reach a point nearer the summit.

With regard to an ascent of the mountain, Mr. Freshfield believes that it is possible from the east, but that the most likely route would be from the north by the Kangchenjunga glacier, from which point he was the first European to view the mountain. But even from this point the ascent will be attended by no inconsiderable difficulties and dangers:—

> Steep places will have to be surmounted by a series of slopes on which the crevasses and seracs have been filled or beaten down by avalanches from hanging ice-cliffs above, and when the peril of this staircase has been run, a way must be found along a shelf similarly exposed.

The story of the journey is well told in a straightforward manner, and the descriptions of scenery are good, though they miss being first-rate. A little more lightness of touch, a more sustained imagination, would have been welcome; but, after all, it is impossible for anyone not to feel something in the nature of a paralysis of the descriptive powers in the presence of scenes of such stupendous magnificence as are revealed by the truly admirable photographs with which the volume is illustrated. One other point. Owing to his close familiarity with the Alps, the author cannot refrain from describing many of the peaks, as it were, in terms of Alpine scenery; thus he describes Langpo Peak as "A Breithorn with a little Matterhorn on its flank," and so on continually. It is a question whether the advantages of a descriptive method of this nature, so full of meaning to those who have a thorough knowledge of the Alps, is not counterbalanced by the corresponding inability to grasp that meaning on the part of the inexperienced. There is also occasionally a slight tendency, more noticeable in the first part of

the book, for the sentences to become somewhat involved. However, these are but slight blemishes in an interesting and valuable work. The account of the journey is followed by several appendices, in the first two of which Professor Garwood, who accompanied the author, gives a detailed scientific description of the "Geology and Physical Features of Sikhim" and some "Notes on the Maps" which he prepared, and which are a valuable addition to the volume. Following this is a reprint of the narratives of the Pundits Chandra Das and Rinsing, dealing with their journeys in the same region. The latter of the two accompanied Mr. Freshfield as guide. Besides this there is a short chapter by Mrs. le Mesurier on her interesting collection of Tibetan curios, most of which are connected with Lamaistic ritual, and a catalogue of the photographs taken by Signor V. Sella during the expedition. These last, as has been remarked above, are magnificent. On the whole, Mr. Freshfield may be congratulated on having added another chapter to a record of which he has every reason to be proud. T. A. J.

Three Books on Art

"The Art of James McNeill Whistler." An Appreciation by T. R. Way and G. R. Dennis. (London: George Bell and Sons.

"Jean François Millet and the Barbizon School." By Arthur Thomson. (London: George Bell and Sons.)

"John Constable, R.A." By Lord Windsor. (London: The Walter Scott Publishing Company, Ltd.)

The time when the art of James McNeill Whistler was treated with flouts and jeers by the critics and a kind of hilarious resentment by the general public is well within the memory of those who still have a right to call themselves young; and, indeed, it is doubtful whether there is even now any well-defined consensus of opinion as to his place in the great fellowship of art. Some there are who would place him at once amongst the immortals, while others would hardly accord him the humblest niche in the temple of fame. This, however, may be said, that interest in his work is steadily increasing, and there are few who would now deny that a genuine and even passionate earnestness underlies the apparent waywardness and triviality which was all that the greatest of critics could see in him a generation ago.

It cannot be said that the volume that lies before us helps us much to a seasoned and balanced judgment on Whistler's life-work. It brings together over fifty examples of his pictures or studies, a few in colour, but the majority in black and white. These latter have been selected with but little judgment, and many of them are reproductions of impressions which lose every particle of meaning in being deprived of their colour. Still, one can be grateful for the collection as a whole, for it contains many beautiful things and many that help towards an appreciation of the artist. Hardly so much can be said for the letterpress. Many pages are taken up with colourless descriptions of successive pictures which it is an irritation not to find reproduced, and there is nothing that is fresh or in the least illuminating concerning the life of the artist. One realises how banal is the author's interpretation of his work when one comes across occasional quotations from his own writings or those of some critic with a finer gift of insight. What, for instance, could be better than this from Whistler's "Ten o'clock":—

> When the evening mist clothes the river side with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, a fairy-land is before us—then . . . . Nature, who for once has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master—her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her.

But we must wait for abler pens than those wielded by the present authors before we can hope to gain a genuine appreciation of Whistler.

"Millet and the Barbizon School" is another well-produced volume, whose value lies chiefly in its reproductions of pictures. These are admirable, and for their sake alone the book would be well worth possessing. But Mr. Thomson, although he lacks the gifts which lift writing of this sort out of the common and give it life and power, has certain things to say, and manages to get them said somehow, sooner or later. A protest, however, must be made against his diffuseness and his continual use of the note of interrogation. "And the name of the picture, 'The Angelus,'" he inquires upon one occasion, "does it not suggest the sound of bells heard in the dim half-twilight?" Certainly it does, but to put such an obvious statement in the form of a question does not make it any the less futile.

Mr. Thomson has disposed convincingly enough of the usually accepted impression that Millet lived and died a martyr to poverty and want of appreciation. The impression rests mainly on the statements of Sensier, who, however, records facts about his friend which contradict it.

> To Millet, writes Mr. Thomson, a man who lived the life that he liked best, who painted just what he liked best; who was surrounded by country which was never-ending joy to him and friends who were ready to make any sacrifice for him; whose wife was never wanting in fidelity and sympathy; who loved children and had nine of them; who loved admiration and received it to the very full before his death—we can grant but grudgingly the martyr's crown.

And as to want of appreciation,—the sale of pictures and sketches found in Millet's studio and sold immediately after his death fetched nearly thirteen thousand pounds. "To pity Millet," said Robert Louis Stevenson, "is a piece of arrogance."

By far the best book of these three is Lord Windsor's "John Constable," which forms one of "The Makers of British Art" Series. It is a more modest publication than the others, and contains fewer illustrations, but it is incomparably better written and is valuable as containing original matter gathered from Constable's own correspondence, which formed the basis of Leslie's well-known biography (now difficult to obtain) and is now in Lord Windsor's possession. Mr. Thomson in the book we have just noticed writes of Constable raising "the trumpet-call to which the French landscape painters of 1830, with Rousseau at their head, responded." Lord Windsor's book is interesting throughout, is admirable both as a biographical and a critical study, and is one of the best that has so far appeared in this excellent little series.

A. H. M.

HIGH LIFE AND LOW: Two Novels of Contrast

"Algernon Casterton: Some Experiences during the first Twenty-five Years of his Life." By Lady Sykes. (London: Bickers and Son.)

The present epoch will probably be remembered in literary annals as the Age of Vivisection. Society has grown acutely—it may be rather morbidly—aware of its own disorders, and welcomes their diagnosis as gladly as our forefathers hailed the sentimental platitudes of "Clarissa Harlowe," or the boisterous farce of "Humphrey Clinker." The general fiction-reading public will receive Lady Sykes's study of the "Smart Set" with a welcome worthy of so bright and lifelike a study, and the "Smart Set" itself, so far from being wounded by the exposure, will probably rejoice in it. The snob of to-day is as happy in contemplating his own unlovely features in the glass of satire as ever were the fops of an earlier date:—

> The fops are proud of scandal, for they cry
> At every low, lewd figure, "Sure, that's I!"

So Lady Sykes's book is likely to be popular all round. Baron Wolfgang, a sort of elderly Hebraic-Teutonic edition of Fascination Fledgely; Minnie O'Donnell, the Yankee adventuress, whose potent wiles bring her within an ace of marrying him; Lady Longfield, who sells herself and her social influence to the Baron, and chaffers over the price of both with perfect cynicism, and gets her paramour's horse, "Wild Rose," pulled in the Leger—these, and the birds of a feather among whom they fly, have no lack of prototypes in the fast Society of the day.

The inevitable question prompted by the reading of Lady Sykes's book, as to whether, bad as is the scheme of things it portrays, it is much worse than we have known aforetime, is one which will be answered by every reader for himself. The "Smart Set" killed ancient Rome. But then, ancient Rome had no middle-class—nothing but patricians and slaves, and the patricians—which is not true of our actual aristocracy—all belonged to the "Smart Set." We have already had the disease in England, when the conquest of India resulted in the creation of the class known as "Nabobs," the moral and mental ancestors of the Wolfgangs of our day. Macaulay, in his essay on Clive, sketched this class of *parvenu* in his own trenchant fashion, and only local alterations are necessary to bring the figure up to date. Obscurity of birth, vast resources amassed by shameless swindling, ostentatious and tasteless luxury, the corruption, by their large and ill-governed households, of half the servants in the country; the establishment, at every point at which they touched the national life, of moral, political, and social dry-rot—nothing is lacking in the picture as we know it to-day. And since he succeeded in obliterating or digesting the Nabob, why should we not survive the South African millionaire? There are still circles of our aristocracy to which all his money and all his impudence fail to obtain his admission, and he desires, as little as he is desired, to mix with the untitled gentry of moderate fortune or with the middle class. He and his cohort of greedy and cynical worldlings are excellent subjects for satire, but they need scarcely inspire fear for the future of Great Britain.

"Gutter Tragedies." By G. Sidney Paternoster. (London: Anthony Treherne and Co.)

If moral squalor be the note of Lady Sykes's book, squalor, unrelieved by any sort of decorative accessory, is that of Mr. Paternoster's. He has taken as his field of study the very lowest stratum of London life; his characters are drawn from that class of our urban population which has remained as completely untouched by any civilising influence as the Bosjesman, or the Pygmy of Central Africa. The book marks progress, though whether it be of a kind acceptable to the general reader is something of a question. It is to Mr. Richard Whiteing's "No. 5, John Street," what that volume was to Mr. Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets," or Mr. Mangham's "Liza of Lambeth"—what they, in their turn, were to "Oliver Twist." It is a book which required considerable courage to write, and even more considerable courage to publish, and critical opinion is likely to be pretty sharply divided regarding it. There can be no doubt of its author's knowledge of the class he deals with. He knows the hooligan, male and female, as intimately as Mr. Kipling knows the British soldier, or as Bret Harte knew the Californian miner, and his fashion of presenting him is as purely "objective" as Zola himself could have desired. Mr. Paternoster stands aloof from his creations, and never intrudes himself between his characters and their audience. He has nothing of the Dickensian tendency towards declamation, he never forces the note of terror or of pathos, he is no more wroth with a sneak-thief for being a sneak-thief than a naturalist is angry with a cobra for being a cobra. He seems, in effect, to say to his reader, "Thus and thus is life in these places; in Nile Street and Central Street and Catnip Alley, Hoxton. These unlovely creatures are one of the by-products of your civilisation. Since they exist, I believe they have a right to artistic portrayal. If you object to their existence, your remedy, if not particularly easy, is assuredly abundantly obvious—go and help to make such existences impossible." It was the answer of Dickens in his day to the people who clamoured about the "vulgarity" of his scenes of low life; it is the only answer possible. While such facts exist, the more realistically, the more crudely—within the limits of verbal decency—they are presented, the better. Of the two books, "Gutter Tragedies" has a more valid defence than is arguable for "Algernon Casterton." The legislative machinery which will abolish Baron Wolfang and his satellites will never be invented. The vices of the wealthy will always evade punishment, and they are unpreventible. The vices of the submerged are the results of flaws in the social system which might disappear before the results of fifty years of wise and resolute action.

H. M.

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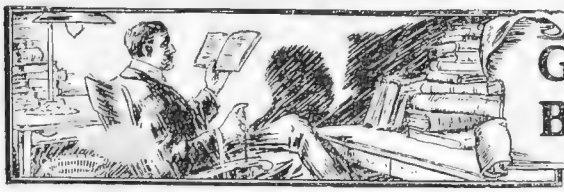

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

The Importance of Being "Strenuous"

One of the most obvious tendencies of the moment in literature is a breaking away from "the eternally feminine." The new note in fiction [illegible] keyed to that spirit of our time which has come to be described as "strenuous." [illegible] master of style, Robert Louis Stevenson was the [illegible]tor, or, more correctly, the regenerator; for he may be said to have created the modern masculine novel. It would seem that the love story pure and simple—not to mention the love story impure and complex—is going out of fashion, and this may be accounted for by the fact that there is a steady increase in the number of male readers of fiction. It is wrong to suppose that novels are only produced for idle women. That our writers of romance, and especially their American cousins, are showing a tendency to make their appeal chiefly to the masculine instincts of the reading public is a thing that augurs well for the future of the novel.

Mr. Bart Kennedy

We have in London an author whose experience and style have much in common with those of Mr. Jack London—and, by-the-bye, I find many people apt to confuse the real Mr. London with "John o' London," whose contributions to *T. P.'s Weekly* are always so interesting, and who, if I am not mistaken, is Mr. Wilfred Whitten, the assistant editor of that popular paper. I refer to Mr. Bart Kennedy, whose new book, "A Tramp in Spain," has just been issued by Messrs. Newnes. Mr. Kennedy is, to my thinking, one of the most interesting personalities in the literary world to-day; he is a man who has seen things and can reproduce his impressions in a singularly vivid and quite individual manner. As a boy he was a half-timer in a Manchester factory at eighteenpence a week, and at seventeen he shipped before the mast, voyaging to America and many lands. Back in the eighties he was digging for elusive gold in British Columbia, and he had prospected in the Klondyke long before the "boom." He has been most things in his time, from a sailor to an opera singer, but he has at last found his real vocation, and it is not too much to describe him as a new force in our literature.

A New Way with Editors

Five or six years ago I remember calling upon a friend in chambers in Chancery Lane, and noticing on one of the doors the name "Bart Kennedy." The author was at that time having a hard struggle for a living, and when you know his method of submitting his wares you will be surprised that he should ever have succeeded. When he wrote an article he went with it to an editor and asked that it might be examined and accepted on the spot. He refused to leave the manuscript "for consideration," and in this highly original way he continued to operate, despite many rebuffs until he may be said to have "arrived." His new book is a graphic and picturesque account of his quaint experiences in a journey on foot from Andalusia to Andorra, and the fact that he had a most beggarly knowledge of the language gave a special piquancy to many of his adventures.

Mr. Crockett in Spain

Spain is unusually prominent in the books of to-day, for Mr. Albert F. Calvert has just published in a handsome volume his "Impressions of Spain," and I have been reading with gusto "The Adventurer in Spain," fresh from the press

Photo by *Maffatt*

Mr. S. R. Crockett, whose new book, "The Adventurer in Spain," has just been published

of Messrs. Isbister, in which Mr. S. R. Crockett is both author and illustrator, the book being enriched with many scores of photographs taken by him. Mr. Crockett knows his Spain better than any other Briton since Borrow, and I recollect his enthusiasm for Iberian country life when I had the pleasure of visiting him at Penicuik two years ago. Most of his holidays for years have been spent in wandering through Spain, which he considers by far the most interesting country in Europe.

A Romancer's Hobby

"The Adventurer in Spain" is in every sense a novel and entertaining work, for the author has very cleverly combined his great talent of descriptive narrative with his undoubted gift of romance to produce a book which has at once the value of a work of travel and the charm of fiction. Photography is Mr. Crockett's hobby, and his study at Penicuik is packed with innumerable examples of his handiwork, which have all the best qualities of the expert's photographs. I happen to know that Mr. Crockett is engaged upon a most important study of the Protestantism of Southern France, which will probably first appear in a popular magazine. The subject and the man are most happily mated, for it requires a descendant of the old Scots Covenanters to present the Camisards of France with true sympathy and insight. I am not sure that even Stevenson did them justice in his "Travels in the Cevennes."

W. E. Henley and R. L. S.

Mention of Stevenson reminds me that quite recently a writer who pretended to know stated, with much pomp of authority, that if the late W. E. Henley had been spared he would have retracted much that he had said in his famous *Pall Mall* article about "R. L. S." Now, I happen to possess a letter from Henley, written only four months before his death, in which he said to me, concerning the most discussed portion of that article: "You see, it cost me a lot to write that paragraph. I should not have written it had I not felt the occasion very instant. Had I known what I know now, I should pretty certainly have dotted i's and crossed t's. I say no more. Only I say that that paragraph is what I mean, and what I want to leave." I think this worth quoting.

Authors and Politics

With rumours of an early general election in the air and the usual fluttering of political dovecotes, there comes once more talk of literary men as candidates for Parliament. We have already in the House, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. Henry Norman, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and others of less note in literature. It is known that Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins has long cherished political ambitions, although his name is not at present mentioned as a candidate. Mr. J. M. Barrie is also suspected in this connection, and Sir Conan Doyle we already know as the unsuccessful candidate for Central Edinburgh in 1900, which seat he again means to contest as a Unionist. Mr. A. E. W. Mason, the brilliant author of "The Four Feathers," has been adopted as Liberal candidate for Coventry, and it is not unlikely that Mr. Jerome K. Jerome may also come forward as an aspirant for Parliamentary honours. It is noteworthy that most of these authors are Liberals, Sir Gilbert Parker being the only Conservative among them.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason

Mr. Mason strikes me as especially well equipped for Parliament. He is an accomplished speaker, and it may not be known that before he made his mark as a novelist he spent some time as a political agent. He was also secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury's Special Committee for Amalgamating Central Church Committee and Church Defence Institution. Thus, in a very real way, he knows something of the Church and the Stage, for he was also at one time an actor. He is, withal, still a young man of thirty-eight, and his clean-shaven face and lithe figure make him look still younger. Although a Liberal, he resembles the ex-Colonial Secretary so far as his monocle. He is a great friend of Mr. Andrew Lang's, and I suspect the latter of having induced him to rent the house on the lonely island of Lismore, in Loch Linnhe, north of Oban, in which romantic region of Scotland he spends his summer at his favourite recreations of mountaineering and boat-sailing.

Thackeray as a Speaker

Still touching the subject of literary men in Parliament, I have been reading with great interest Mr. Justin McCarthy's recently published "Portraits of the 'Sixties," wherein I find a reference to Thackeray's ambition to enter the House. Mr. McCarthy would not appear to have formed a very favourable opinion of Thackeray's oratorical gifts. He describes him as an ineffective and unsympathetic speaker, quite incapable of an extempore effort, and out of touch with his audience, even when reading his lectures. "He had no aptitude for public debate," says Mr. McCarthy. "He would have been regarded in the House as a curiosity, and I cannot bear to think of the author of 'Vanity Fair' submitting himself to be regarded by any assembly as a mere curiosity and out of place." For this reason he rejoices that Thackeray's ambition was not realised.

A Memory of Dickens

On the other hand, Mr. McCarthy is enthusiastic about the platform powers of Dickens. "Dickens had a voice of marvellous compass, depth, and variety of tone; some of its cords were perfect music, and although he had often to pass in a moment from the extreme of one mood to the extreme of another, there was not the slightest strain of effort or struggle after effect; all seemed to come with perfect ease from the instinct and inspiration of the man." It is surprising that so few of our eminent authors of to-day attempted to emulate those of the 'sixties in giving lectures or public readings from their works. Mr. Zangwill, who is a fluent and witty speaker, has done a little in this way with remarkable success. Mr. Zangwill, and his wife, by the way, are wintering in Spain. Mr. Coulson Kernahan and Mr. Frank T. Bullen are highly popular as lecturers.

J. A. H.

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Frills and Furbelows

MONDAY.—A bosom friend took me the other week o attend a dinner given at the Prince's Restaurant in aid of the Incurable Home for Children. The Duke of Connaught was in the chair, and made a speech in a most elegant and charming manner, which made me whisper irreverently to my companion that I liked his grace after meals. There were some capital frocks in the room, but I was so absorbed in contemplating the Baroness Meyer's diamond necklace, and the fact that she placed her osprey on the right side of her hair instead of the left of fashion's convention, that I did not particularly notice them, and the only garments present which left a distinct impression upon my mind were a gown of black mirror velvet, with a low bodice, draped with a *berthe* of lace embroidered with pink and chiffon roses, Madame Von André's cherry-red velvet dress in happy harmony with her white hair and rubies; and a dress all white chiffon tucks and garlands and lace worn with many pearls of wondrous colour.

TUESDAY.—I have come to the conclusion that sharper than an unsympathetic aunt, it is to have an ungrateful tooth. I have tenderly cared for mine from their earliest hours, and yet to-day I awoke to find one aching. I have taken a chemist's shopful of cachets and still my tooth aches! My doctor sent me to my dentist and my dentist to my doctor, and each has proved equally ineffectual. I shall telephone for the name and address of some genius Jimmy (Jimmy is my "follower") was lauding the other day; at least, this proceeding ensures Jimmy's kind attentions.

One of the Dresses of Golden Brown Velvet worn by Miss Pearson's Bridesmaids

WEDNESDAY.—I have almost recovered; the erring tooth is repenting, and I cheerfully received Marjorie, who lunched with me. I suppose she came principally to confide in me her love affairs, which seem to be many and varied, but all revolve round the same man. I think that one kind of affection for one man is enough; but when alternately you are fond of him and are trying to quarrel with him to see what he will do, the results are often disastrous. Most of such confidences are like the old game of consequences, what she said to him and he said to her.

THURSDAY.—I was really able to enjoy myself this afternoon when I went to Miss Pearson's wedding. It is an unusual treat to find anything original in the way of wedding-dresses; however, as Miss Pearson and her bridesmaids were dressed by the invincible Mr. Hiley, of Jay's, "style" was only to be expected, and, when I saw that we got it, I took a rough sketch of the bridesmaids' coats for the benefit of my intelligent readers. They were Empire in shape, with innumerable buttons, and made in golden brown velvet, and the sleeves were filled with large frills, while the most intelligent bridegroom had presented their wearers with large granny muffs of black fur. If he goes on being so lavish as this, Lady Denman will prove a wife to be envied. She was clever to think of wearing a Juliet cap over her beautiful hair instead of the conventional orange blossoms.

FRIDAY.—Jimmy came to tea, and on the strength of his previous success insisted on recommending me an oculist, a surgeon, and a doctor. I told him I believed he really would like me to need one of them in order to prove his great discernment. His other principal topics of conversation were that he was going to sell his motor and that he had done something wonderful in the way of speculation on the Stock Exchange.

SATURDAY.—I have been besieged by the telephone to-day. All the dearest boys of my acquaintance, and there are at least a dozen, have insisted on speaking to me. In fact, my cousin Bob, who was

here during many of these interludes, and who poses as a wit, declared he should go home to record the true facts of my life and his in a new book to be described to the world at large as the "Encyclopædia Platonica." NITA.

Attractive Blouses and Teagowns

How nice it sounds when someone says to you, "I can tell you where you can get a really cheap and pretty blouse," and I hope it will read as well. Such a place as Messrs. Shoolbred's, of Tottenham Court Road, has a large blouse department, where these valuable adjuncts to the toilet range from 7*s.* 9*d.* to six guineas. Fortunately for the purchaser, Messrs. Shoolbred have their own workrooms, and thus are able to guarantee the fit of any blouse you may choose to order. There are many fascinating models there, and I selected, to commence with, one of the palest pink *crêpe de Chine*, with a large yoke of lace and white silk insertions. Over the bust were three rows of gatherings about an inch apart. The price of this was 27*s.* 6*d.* Next to it was a blouse of red *crêpe de Chine* also boasting a lace yoke, which in its turn bore large openwork medallions laced with red baby ribbon. This blouse can be copied in any colour at a few days' notice. The severest style of blouse is also to be found in great variety, the most notable being of white cloth, with rounds and squares of bright tartan, and also a blouse of pastel blue, which would, no doubt, prove most popular. There is also a blouse of French flannel in white, which was assisted to becomingness by a small vest of white *panne* spotted with blue, while the sleeves were ornamented with rows of blue cross-stitch.

A Dressing Gown of Pale Blue Zenana, with White Satin Medallions, at Jas. Shoolbred & Co.'s

As to the teagowns, the first that caught my eye was a pale blue China silk, gathered from head to foot and inserted with strips of lace; these gatherings came in the middle of the back and the middle of the front, and the large sailor collar was lavishly trimmed with Valenciennes lace. While there I had sketched this becoming dressing gown, made of pale blue Zenana, with white medallions down the front, round the sleeves, and the collar embroidered and button-holed with pale blue silk, which cost but £5 5*s.* And then I left, only to pause on my way through the costume department to notice a charming cloth dress of pale mauve, trimmed with medallions of thick white lace, with a kilted skirt and a coat bodice.

"What do ye lack, ladies? What do ye lack?" we all know, is the old pedlar's cry, and Messrs. Peter Robinson, in their bazaar, seem to have taken up this cry and answered it with their lavish display of toys and fancy articles of every description. One often hears mothers and aunts declare their difficulty in purchasing Christmas presents for the children, but here this difficulty may be solved, for in the Bazaar in Oxford Street Messrs. Peter Robinson have gathered together a remarkable variety of toys, among which may be noted a menagerie of acting animals, motor cars of every description, screeching animals, and most fascinating tumbling bears. Dolls' trousseaux are made a great feature of in the bazaar; in fact, dolls of all sizes may be found with their trunks ready packed for "going away" to their fortunate owners. One especially pretty one was a baby doll dressed in long white robes of lace and ribbons. Passing through the silver department, I found some most fascinating purses in an absolutely unique design of a large oak tree spreading its silver branches over the flap. The most useful adjunct to woman's toilet, the powder-puff, was to be found enclosed in a little silver box bearing an equally valuable looking-glass in its lid. An article, convenient and ornamental, is a drinking cup made of silver, which folds up into the space of about an inch. This, I am sure, will prove a most acceptable gift to the man who hunts or travels. So you will see that in whatever way you answer the pedlar's cry at Messrs. Peter Robinson's, they can reply again to you, "Madam, here it is."

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The Toilet Table

"GATHER ye roses how ye may" is a rendering of Herrick's poem best suited to the modern woman. For indeed she does gather the roses of her complexion where and how she may—by many visits to skin specialists, and by frequent "home-treatments" does she endeavour to restore to herself the roses that are no longer hers *au naturel.*

These so-termed face specialists knead and rub the face, and thus do obtain some degree of colour, but it soon fades away, and leaves the patient despairing. These treatments are only undergone once or twice a week, but still they prove very expensive, so I would advise to the woman who wishes for a fine complexion that she should procure it for herself in the following manner:—

Before going to bed every night rub cold cream gently into the face with a circular movement, starting from the cheekbone and descending towards the chin. But little cream is needed for this operation, and, indeed, if too much be used, it is liable to give you a double chin. The cream should not be kept on during the night, but after it has been on the face about five minutes should be gently wiped off with a piece of soft butter-muslin, and the face sponged with tepid water containing a few drops of lavender; after this you will find that your face feels wonderfully smooth and fresh.

In the morning the face should not be washed with soap, but with one of those new indiarubber sponges well soaked in cold water. If in London and the water is found hard, a small bag of bran could be placed in the jug over-night with excellent effect.

You will find the best powder is the *Poudre de Riz*, and prepared chalk is likewise quite safe and without odour.

The woman who wishes for a fresh complexion need never go through the dreadful torture of having her face skinned to obtain it, as if ordinary care, and occasional bouts of extraordinary care are taken, these diabolical methods need not be resorted to. We were never meant by Nature to have our faces skinned, and, indeed, it is going against wise old Dame Nature to deprive ourselves of one of the wrappers she has enveloped us in.

A word in conclusion—try both ways. Go to a face specialist, if it so pleases you, once a week during a month. Then after the month see what my advice can do for you. Follow it regularly each night, and you will find that you will save much expense and that you are beautified just as well by these "homely methods" as by the more elaborate and expensive ones, which are all founded on the same basis of cold cream and gentle massage.

The Menu

"Thanks-giving is good, but thanks-living is better."—MATTHEW HENRY.

COOKERY stands now quite among the fine arts. The dishes that one's grandparents would have thought fit for a king would to-day be spurned by even the family of moderate means. And, after all, why not? Does not gastronomy affect our tempers, our health, indeed, as often as not, our very lives? I propose in these columns to give, week by week, recipes and hints about cooking, which I hope will be found of practical assistance to many of my sex, often at their wits' end to think of some change from the eternal monotony of their cook's want of variety. I do not intend to restrict myself to one dinner in this column each week. It may be a luncheon, a ball supper, and, who knows? even a wedding-breakfast. My first venture is a menu of a *recherché* little dinner, and I hope the recipes I am giving will not be found beyond the cook who takes a pride in sending up and serving a well-cooked dinner.

A Dinner for Eight Persons

Caviare.
Oyster Soup à la Reine.
Fillet of Sole with Mushrooms.
Soufflé of Sweetbread.
Fillet of Beef with Purée of Vegetables.
Roast Pheasant. Salad.
Coffee Cream.
Macaroon Baskets.
Stuffed Olives.
Dessert. Coffee.

FILLET OF SOLE WITH MUSHROOMS

Three medium-sized soles, ½lb. mushrooms, 1oz. butter, pepper and salt and a little lemon-juice. Take the fillets and lay them on a flat dish or board, and rub them with lemon-juice and sprinkle a little salt. Then peel the mushrooms, cut them in two and put them in a saucepan with the butter, salt and pepper. Stir for fifteen minutes, then put aside till cool. Then chop them finely and lay a little on the fillets, roll up to a nice shape. When all are done put them in a buttered pie-dish, and bake twenty minutes to half an hour. Dish up, and pour a nice rich white sauce over them. If liked, a few of the mushrooms may be added to the sauce.

FILLET OF BEEF

The under-cut of a sirloin of beef, weighing about 3lb. Trim off the fat matter and the thin skin next to it; lard that side of it with fat bacon and lay it for a whole day in a fire-dish with plenty of olive oil, pepper, salt, parsley, slices of onion, and a bay leaf or two. If cooked in the oven, cover the larded side with a piece of buttered paper, and do not let it be overdone. Baste it frequently with its own gravy, and, a short time before serving, remove the paper to let the larding take colour. Serve with its own gravy and ground in it a *purée* of any vegetable.

MACAROON-BASKETS

Ingredients:—8 macaroons, 9*d.* worth of cream, almonds, cherries, and angelica. Turn the macaroons upside down and with a teaspoon scrape out the inside, and if left out of the tin overnight they will soften a little. Fill the "basket" with whipped cream, put a cherry in the middle, and an almond sticking up on each side of it, and form a handle with a thin strip of angelica.

EMILIA.

JAS. SHOOLBRED & Co.

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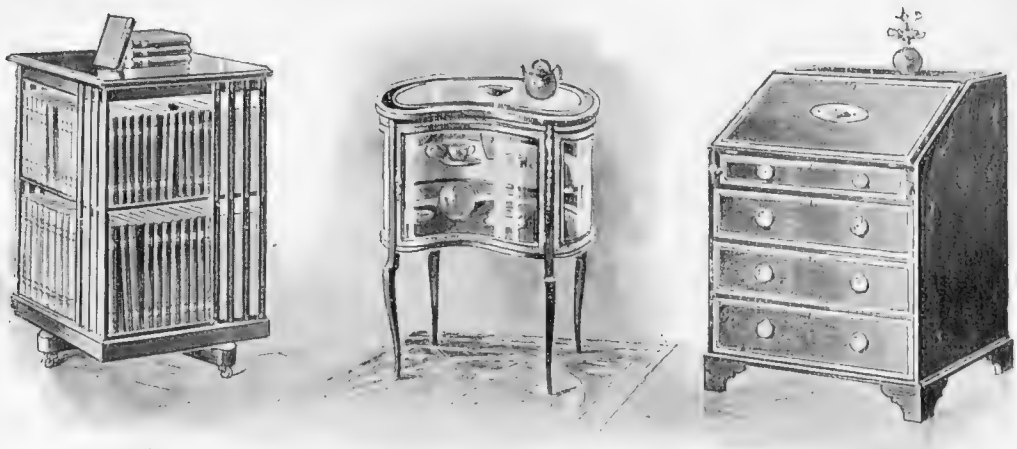

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Height 30in. Diameter 18in.

Obviates the necessity of stooping when making up the fire.

The Connoisseur.

Old Furniture, New Furniture, and Some Jades

A Chippendale Chair

During the last fifteen years the connoisseur has noted that a great number of the British public has awakened to the fact that its household gods were base and its furniture a vain thing. The old beliefs are shattered, but the new faith is weak, and the public taste is vague and complicated, with a somewhat amorphous admiration, of the—

> Many things divinely done
> By Chippendale and Sheraton.

The new order changeth, giving place to the old, and the public is now prepared to rush in and make purchases of the furniture of yester year where the studious collector has long feared to tread. The pseudo-antique is abroad in the land, and many wicked things are done in the name of Chippendale. But that should not spoil our admiration for what was beautiful and true in his work. The great eighteenth century cabinetmakers in England have left us a glorious heritage. They knew their business, were guided very often by an excellent severity of taste, and worked as much for posterity as for their own time. But while masters like the Chippendales—for there is a suspicion that there were three in the trade—and skilled men like Hepplewhite, Shearer, Ince, and a dozen others, and, lastly, Sheraton, produced admirable examples, there is plenty of bad work of that time still surviving and now pressed upon the bewildered enthusiasts of what is generically called Chippendale at extravagant prices. But perhaps the amateur's chiefest danger is in the modern reconstruction or imitation, in which new wood, blended with old, and aided by bad workmanship, is somehow made to show a fair and antique face.

A Modern Wardrobe

"What is Chippendale?"

In a recent action before that diverting humorist, Mr. Justice Darling, the question "What is Chippendale?" was frequently asked and not very felicitously answered. It is almost as difficult to reply to as that old example of assumed ignorance, "What are Keats?" But in the case we speak of, the Socratic method produced some interesting information—interesting, at least, for those who have long hunted specimens of what they think

A Chippendale Chair

are original Chippendale work through many a private house and public saleroom. From one witness we learnt that in his heart of hearts he believed that Chippendale invented the pattern of legs curved like a claw holding a ball, whereas, alas, the very style was common in Egypt ages before any member of Chippendale's family came to St. Martin's Lane and made furniture for the quality. There are even those who think that the claw and ball were used in certain chairs made in France just before Thomas Chippendale produced his book of designs, and that he knew about them and made use of them. Be that as it may, to tell a real Chippendale chair you must look for a good deal more than the claw and ball. You will have done well to have studied his books of designs, although many of his drawings were never used, and to have handled as many of his accredited pieces as possible. The dealers in town will generally be able to show you a fair example, and the best lesson is to study it carefully and note the workmanship, the weight and the quality of the wood, and the effect of kindly time. The illustration above shows a chair which may be taken to be by Chippendale; it is in the collection of

A Modern Reproduction of an Old Cabinet

Mr. Charles, the dealer, in Brook Street, and shows at once the qualities and the faults of the master, who at his best was splendid, but whose work was often too complicated and rococo for beauty. This example, however, gives us the sort of thing that is now immensely sought after, and for which large sums are paid with willing hands. That is to say, if the example is in good state, and not, as Mr. Justice Darling supposes, worm-eaten and far gone in decay. It is one more illusion of the vulgar that hakin should be cracked, a coin worn, an antique piece of furniture worm-eaten, a piece of jade dulled and scratched, but it is an illusion they will lose if they are collectors and try to sell their treasures.

Modern Workmanship

THE fact that so much old furniture has suffered from neglect, and when restored is still of doubtful durability, inclines many to modern work. Although the poor and fraudulent imitation of an eighteenth century piece of furniture is one of the most unsatisfying of possessions — convicting one, at a glance, of ignorance, folly and vanity—the excellent copy of an admirable original is, of course, in furniture as everything else, of æsthetic value, and fulfils the highest destiny of applied art—the combination of beauty and utility. In the Wallace Collection are two well-known and splendid bureaux in marqueterie of various woods in the highest and simplest style. One is an original by the gifted Riesener, ordered, it is said, but not enjoyed by Stanilas Leczinski, King of Poland; the other is a copy, made by Dasson, of the Bureau du Roi (Louis XV.), now to be seen at the Louvre. In such a case as this it seems to us that the facsimile has all the charm of the original save the rather important one of originality. This clever copy by Dasson of the great work of Oeben and Riesener is the highest example ready to hand of facsimile work, and shows—on rather too elevated a plane, perhaps—what can now be done by conscientious craftsmen, in producing the qualities of old work at a less price than the originals now command. The first picture of a modern wardrobe is a pleasant example of what may be done in this direction by men of to-day. This is a design by Messrs. Heal, who have for some time past devoted themselves to this class of work, with, we must own—prejudiced as we are in favour of the old and seasoned and wisely worn examples of the Georgian days—the most valuable results. Their galleries contain a really remarkable collection of reproductions and —although that is often a dangerous attempt—successful adaptations of bedroom furniture of the early Hanoverian times. Messrs. Heal say, in effect, that the work on which they have based their designs for this furniture is of that period during the penultimate century which, by quiet dignity of outline and simple charm of proportion and detail, seems most particularly suited to the characteristics of an English bedroom. The extravagances which went so far to mar the beauty of much of the furniture of the greatest cabinetmakers of the eighteenth century have been omitted; the eccentricities of Chippendale's "Chinese manner" are quite contrary to our present-day notions of reticence in design. But the delicacy of detail, both in the profiles of the mouldings and the graceful shapings, sparingly introduced, the pleasant proportions and careful workmanship, all of which are so characteristic of the best work of the great craftsmen of this time—these have been closely followed and faithfully reproduced. In the first illustration on this page is shown one of the most satisfactory designs that this house has culled during its excursions among the masterpieces of the great days of cabinet-work. The round and delicate proportions, the rich and homely colour, the combination of lightness and strength, of utilitarianism and decoration, make it a really valuable piece. Such a piece of furniture, simple but complete, is a worthy setting for the delicate work of the East. And thus we come to the consideration, for a moment or two, of one of the more perfect of the decorative arts.

Immaculate Jade

AMONG the many stones that Eastern artists have turned and carved, jade has, perhaps, given the most entrancing results. Of course, the term includes several varieties, such as the mineral jadeite and the highly prized *feitsui* of the Chinese, but it has now almost come to mean in our ears some beautiful ornament, carved with exquisite skill and polished with patient art.

Carved Jade Treasures

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For Mandarins and Millionaires

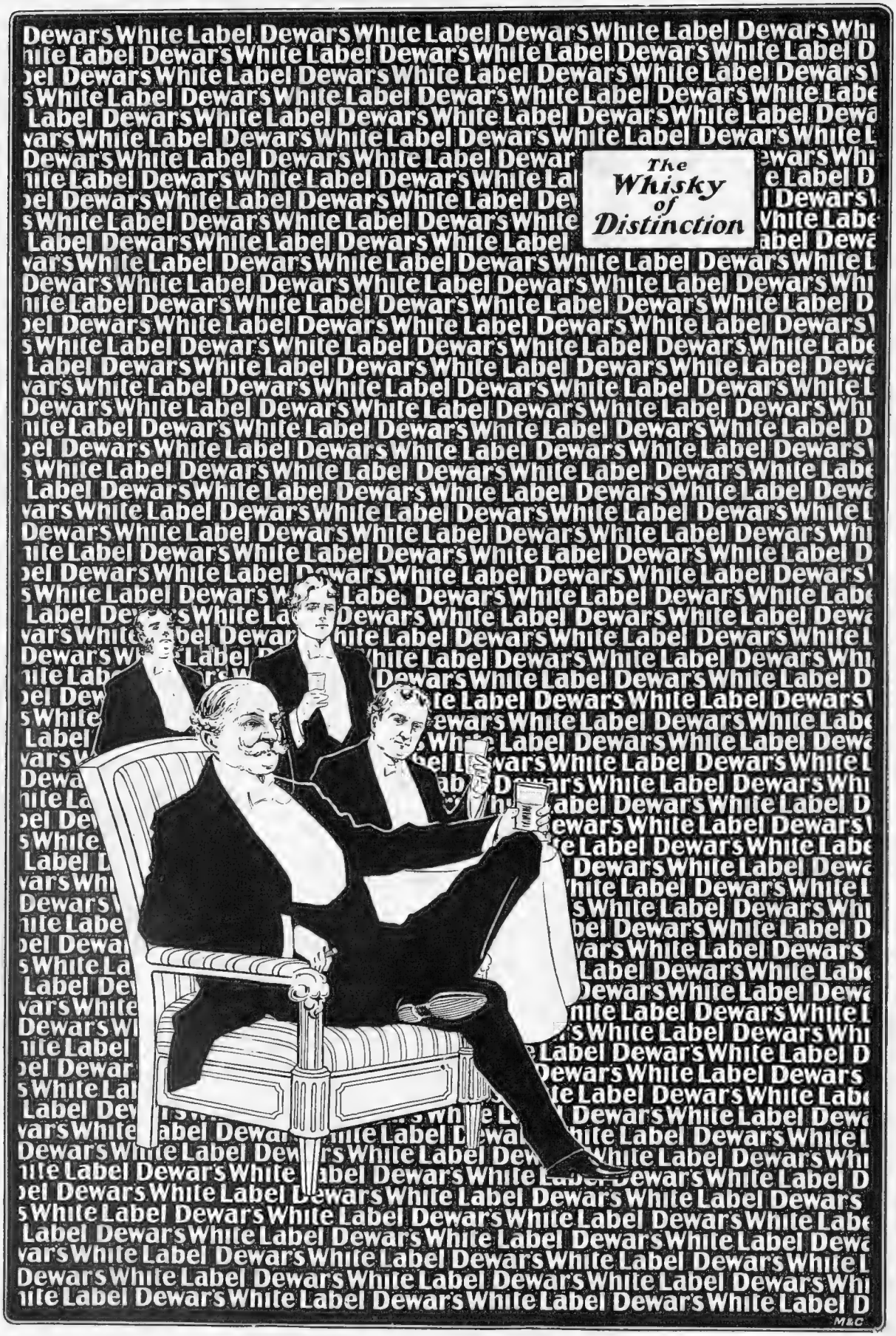
THE original name of the stone, jade, was given it, they say, because it was supposed to cure pain in the side, from the Spanish *ijada*. Whatever its apocryphal medical qualities may be, its artistic use has doubtless physicked the pain of many a lover of the beautiful. The wise and tasteful Celestials have long held it in artistic honour. The milky white, the pale, the dark green substances have been the mediums which have given to the world the life-work of many an Oriental idealist. In the innermost cabinets and coffers of the cultured princes of the East lie hidden the best pieces in the world, safe from the common eye. But every now and then, owing to some trifling misunderstanding with the foreign devils, an egregious sack takes place, and a few treasures find their way into the markets of the fine arts. Or perhaps the amity of nations may be the cause of a disbursement from the Chinese treasure-house, as when, on the late Queen's Jubilee, rich gifts of jade were showered into her lap. Among all the presents of that time, this Chinese collection was the most delightful. Had we been the Queen we should have been inclined to say of the jades, "Among ten thousand loveliest, beloved, beloved art thou." But then the enthusiasts of jade are not many, and most of those few are like ourselves, lookers-on and bystanders at the exhibition of these treasures—for in most cases their price is very nearly above rubies. The Mandarin and the millionaire can buy them, no doubt, and the former is old in this particular virtue, and the latter is now in a coming-on humour. Among some of the most agreeable specimens we have recently seen are those illustrated here, which are now held by Mr. Charles, of Brook Street, who also has many cabinets decorated with beautiful pieces of Chinese art in lapis-lazuli, crystal of all kinds, agate and amber.

E. M.

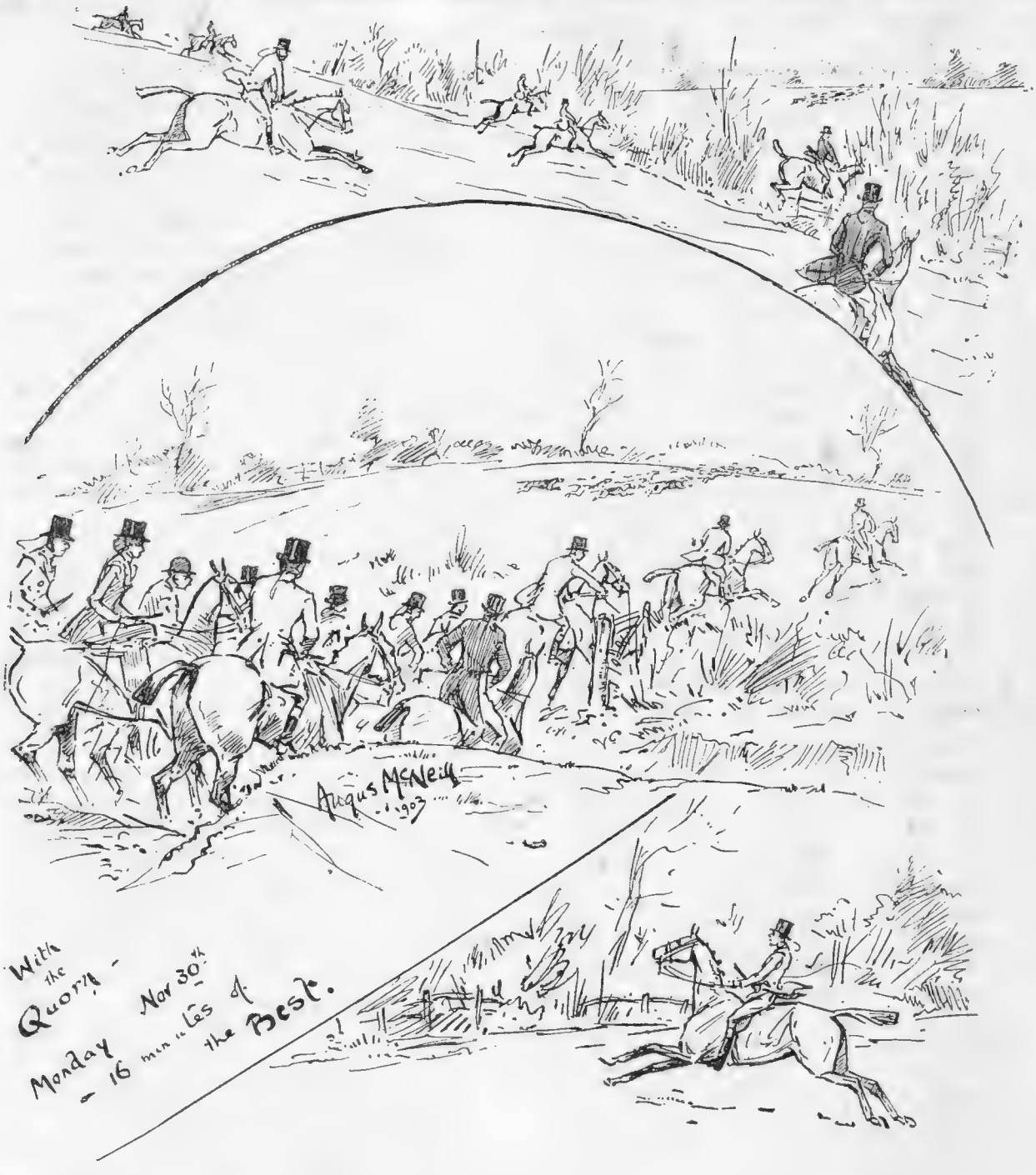
A Fine Example of Carved and Pierced Jade

Robert Watson, Esq., the oldest M.F.H. in the British Isles

Mr. Watson took over the management of the Carlow and Island Hounds from his father in 1845, and has hunted them continuously ever since.


The
Whisky
of
Distinction
Dewars White Label
M&C

A GOOD DAY WITH THE QUORN



Our Hunting Correspondent writes:—"Last week began the first winter's snow, as was suitable, to usher in December. The Cottismore Hounds had a good run from Barnsdale Wood to Ashwell on Monday. This capital day's sport ended, after covering much country, by running into Mr. Fernie's Hounds at Sowes Gorse. The Fife Foxhounds had a fine forty-five minutes' run on Saturday, in spite of the wet; and all the meets of the week have been well attended. The going has been very heavy in the Bicester country owing to the late downpour; but there was some good sport on Saturday, though the field failed to get their fox. The Duchess of Newcastle has been hunting lately with the Quorn, and some smart fields have been out. Amongst those out on Friday, when there was a good run from Adam's Gorse, were Bettine Lady Wilton, Lady Gerard, Mrs. Burns-Hartopp, Lady Lilian Grenfell, Lady Augusta Fane, Lady Julia Folless, Mrs. R. B. Muir, Mrs. Rupert Craven, Mrs. Willie Lawson, and Miss Naylor." On Monday another excellent run was experienced, forming the subject of the above illustration.

Sports of all Sorts

Association Football

There is a rumour in football circles that G. O. Smith is half inclined to turn out again for the Corinthians. Possibly, it is devoid of truth; but, pending the arrival of a contradiction, it is interesting. "G. O." was not too old for first-class football when he retired; and, if he had had more opportunities of keeping fit, he would doubtless have remained in the active ranks of the club for which he had already done so much.

When he last played for England, at the Crystal Palace, three seasons ago, "G. O." had evidently lost a little of his old fire; but that was not surprising. For some time before the match he had played no first-class football; then he agreed to turn out for the Corinthians against Queen's Park; and, as a result of his display, was chosen to play against Scotland a week later. But he cannot have been absolutely fit.

"G. O.," too, relied on artistic passes to the wings rather than inspired vigour. He was a good shot; but his forte was the opening up of attacks, and the giving of opportunities to his inside wing men. In that respect he differed greatly from his great *vis-à-vis*, R. S. McColl, of the Scottish Eleven, whose strong point was his happy knack of bobbing up unnoticed at the critical moment, and adding the finishing touch to the work of his colleagues.

The Rugby Game

Given a skilfully selected side, it is quite possible that England will, at Leicester, next month, whet that appetite for victory over Wales, which, at the end of four years of hunger, has grown desperately keen. The one great point which it is to be hoped the selection committee have realised, is the danger of dropping a man by reason of his display in one trial match.

H. T. Gamlin was left out of the English team a few years ago because he failed to "come off" in the North *v.* South fixture; but he was at the time—as he is to-day—the best full-back in the country. He failed, too, in a recent Blackheath *v.* Richmond match; but no man can be expected to play at the top of his form every time he turns out; and the team to oppose Wales will, one hopes, be chosen on club form of the last three months, rather than on the play in the forthcoming battle between North and South.

E. J. Vivyan, even if he do nothing brilliant for the South, most certainly ought to be chosen. Some of his artifices for the Western Counties at Richmond, the other day, were genuine pieces of Welsh play; and the effort which, twenty minutes from the finish, set his side thoroughly going, would have scored against even a team from the Principality.

B. Oughtred, who, although a North of England player, knows the Welsh game thoroughly, and W. V. Vincent might well be on halves; and that couple, with two centre three-quarters from the West, Gamlin at full-back, and the "old boy" element predominant in the pack, would form the major portion of a very strong side. There are no forwards better than those whom we know as players of the "old boy" type; they push with a fury which is necessary against Wales, and work well together.

A. E. Hind should stand a good chance of getting into the three-quarter line. His pace on the wing would assuredly be useful, and he has developed some of the finer points of "Rugger," which, it must be said, were not features of his play in his Cambridge days.

Middlesex, Essex, and Kent Lacrossers

Middlesex Lacrosse players have done better than any other Southern County against Lancashire and Cheshire. They have beaten the former and drawn with the latter. A "double," such as this, no other side can claim.

Essex and Kent had previously outshone Middlesex, but the latter county looks like going very close for first place this season. Their excellence of crosse-handling against Surrey, at Lords, surprised their best supporters.

A. C. Thorne, who, as a reserve, came into attack at the last moment, was the only weak point in the Middlesex team. Spiers and Drummond were particularly good, and Yardley, a player new to county lacrosse, was particularly promising.

The Surrey players were outpaced, and slow on the ball. They ought to have done better, seeing that Rayner and other Middlesex players have gone over to the Southern side of the river. In crosse work, however, they were poor. Countless passes were missed; and there was no combination near goal.

Inter-County Hockey

Judging by their displays against Middlesex and Kent, the Lancashire hockey players are quite up to the standard of Southern County form. Their defence was better than that of many counties in the South. Their mediocre attack was due to their having to play four reserve forwards—one of them, Captain Archdale, almost incapacitated by accident.

Lancashire played a hard game, but were rather prone to give "sticks." The combination of H. F. Busch and P. M. Williams, at back, was a feature of the matches. They played into each other's hands in a manner seldom seen down South. The Lancastrians meet Cheshire on Boxing-day. Cheshire quite out-classed Westmorland in their matches. As Westmorland recently gave Lancashire a fairly good game, Cheshire must be very strong.

Kent have been weak since E. G. S. Hose, F. de L. Solbé, P. R. Earnshaw, A. G. M. Bacon, F. W. Earnshaw, and others, retired almost simultaneously from the game; and in beating Lancashire they accomplished the best performance of the last few years.

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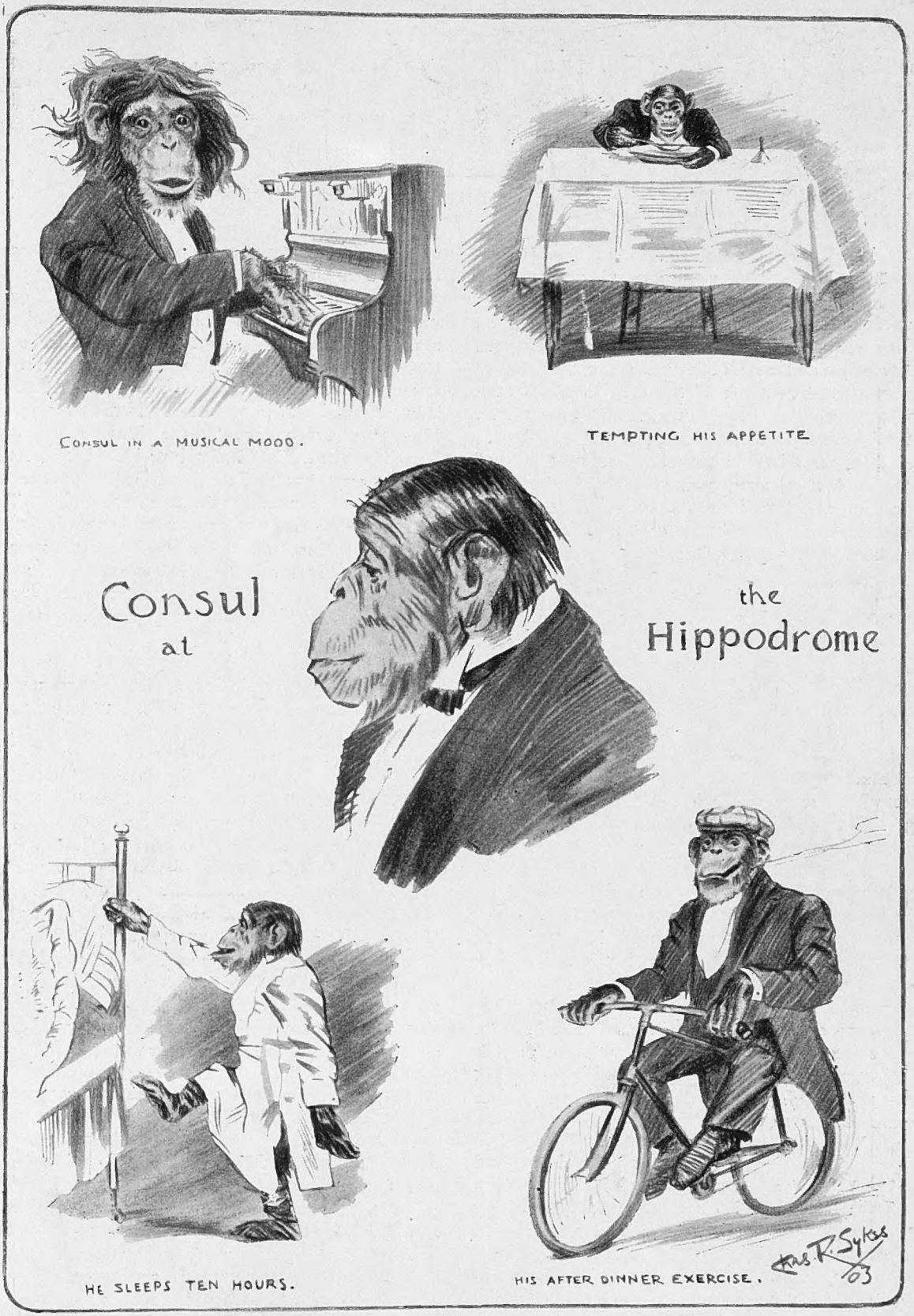

An Interview with "Consul"

I was introduced to "Consul" (writes an artist) in his dressing-room. He went through the prescribed formality with a most sagacious expression in his dark sparkling eyes. He was smoking a cigarette—by the way, he prefers Americans—I mean cigarettes, of course. I made several sketches of him while other visitors endeavoured to keep him in the desired pose by amusing him in much the same way as one would entertain a restless child at a photographer's. Eventually he realised the importance of my mission, and became quite serious, which enabled me to produce a good likeness. He has suffered from toothache recently, while cutting his second set. He is four and a half years old, enjoys travelling and sightseeing, and shows his approval in a marked and effective manner when anything gives him special pleasure. On departing, he shook hands effusively. On reaching the door I perceived him standing upon his head on a hassock, kicking upwards vigorously.

Pocket-Books

Leigh Hunt, chatting of pocket-books, refers to "a series of pocket-books in a great drawer, that, in addition to their natural size, seemed all to have grown corpulent in consequence of being fed with receipts and copies of verses and cuttings out of newspapers. The hook of the clasp had got from eyelet to eyelet, till it could unbuckle no further. . . . There was love, politics, and eating. . . . Pocket-books, nowadays, are all for compression and minuteness." How much more must compression and minuteness obtain in this later "nowadays" of hustle. This pocket-book of mine will not grow corpulent, but it shall be fed with varied matter.

A New Idea in Wedding Presents

Mr. Israel Zangwill made a very novel departure in giving his bride, for her wedding present, a cheque to be devoted to the three objects in which she was most interested—which turned out to be Zionism, Woman's Suffrage, and the Charity Organisation Society. He probably knows, having probed deep into the feminine mind, how much easier it is to devote money to non-frivolous uses when the possessor is under a moral bond to spend it in a specified and definite direction. There are lots of women to-day who are keen on movements, but if Mr. Zangwill's precedent is followed I should not be astonished if such things as motors, furs, and lace did not become eligible as an outlet for cheques. Another point of interest about Mr. Zangwill's wedding with Miss Edith Ayrton is the fact that he has thus made himself the stepson-in-law of the only lady who has the distinction of being a member of the Institution of Electrical Engineers Mrs. Ayrton made a great sensation, it will be remembered, a year or two ago in scientific circles by her discovery of the cause of the hissing of the electric arc—a subject not familiar to everyone.

The Vogue for Things Italian

The visit of the King and Queen of Italy to London has led me to reflect how very largely Italy is now figuring in our social life. Italian literature, Italian drama, Italian art, Anglo-Italian alliances, Italian organ-grinders, and their *confrères*, the chestnut-roasters, with their cheerful charcoal-burners—to all these we extend the *entente cordiale*. It is a healthy sign. Moreover, Italy is our firm ally.

Here is a little chain of related Italian events. Duse, in her London *répertoire* this autumn, had three plays written by her great compatriot Gabriele d'Annunzio; she presented two of them, and would have given the third had our Censor of Plays been complaisant. Mr. Heinemann not only has given us some excellent translations of d'Annunzio's novels, but he also married an Italian lady of literary gifts, whose pen-name was "Kassandra Vivaria," and who wrote the novel called "Via Lucis." I recall also the fact that Mr. William Le Queux, who owns a villa in Florence, went to that city for his bride. Mr. Grant Richards also married an Italian lady. Fresher still in one's mind is the marriage of Miss Dora Labouchere to the Marquis Carlo di Rudini, son of the late Italian Premier. D'Annunzio, by the way, has dedicated his latest volume of poems to "Dora and Carlo di Rudini." The English magazines, too, are gradually opening their pages to Italian writers. I notice, for example, in a recent number of the *Fortnightly*, a fascinating article on "The Alfieri Centenary," by Count Rusconi, an eminent Italian critic, and the annotator of Benvenuto Cellini's "Life." This article had been translated by Miss May Bateman, who has just gone to Rome for the winter. It is evident that we women shall have to study Italian, if we are to be at all in the movement.

About "The Venture"

I note the inclusion of six women in the brilliant roll of literary and art contributors to the new illustrated annual, *The Venture*. They are: in the art section, Miss Louise Glazier and Miss Elinor Monsell; in the literary, Mrs. Meynell, and the Misses Violet Hunt, Netta Syrett, and May Bateman. *The Venture* is edited by Mr. Laurence Housman, and Mr. W. Somerset Mangham. The illustrations consists entirely of woodcuts, and it costs five shillings. I saw specimen sheets of this beautiful volume before it came out, and thought then what a lovely present it would make for anyone who cares about the younger modern art and writing.

Concerning At Homes

In spite of the vast amount of original talent which one feels sure is scattered over London, how rare it is to happen on any new form of attraction at an At Home! That pleasure, however, happened to me not very long ago, and I am grateful. My invitation-card bore the words, "West Indian Folk Tales, by Gelukiezanger." The owner of this mysterious pseudonym—a very picturesque-looking girl—had learnt her stories straight from the natives in Jamaica, and she told them in the broken English peculiar to the West Indies, sitting cross-legged on the floor the while. To illustrate the stories she had a basket of the queerest little toys, concocted by her clever self, which she used in the make-believe fashion of children with their toys. The At Home given by Miss Cartwright by way of a send-off to her new School of Journalism drew a large crowd of people.

E. M. E.